

The Reader's Digest

SERVICE



Of Lasting Interest:

Civilization 1925 A. D.	578
The Man in the Glass Cage	579
The Doom of the Self-Made Man	583
Marriage and Divorce	585
When Is a Citizen Not a Citizen?	587
Every Worker a Capitalist	589
The Age of Play	591
England and America: Contrasts	593
The Promise of Chlorine Gas Clinics	595
Trial by Jury—2	597
What Fixes Men's Salaries	599
The Republican Victory	603
The King of Press Agent Hoaxers	605
What Christian Liberals Are Driving At	607
Just What Is the World Court?	611
Three Thousand Fathoms Deep	613
When Do I Go to Jail?	615
Our Pled Piper of Parks	619
Scientific Notes	621
What to Do Till the Butler Comes	623
Americans Who Make Me Mad	625
The Romance of Rings	627
The Effect of Alcohol on Man	629
Progressive Parents — Their Tragedy	631
A Vanished American Civilization	633
The New Wonder of the Seas	635
Coast Guard to the Rescue	637

Number 34

FEBRUARY NINETEEN TWENTY-FIVE

Civilization 1925 A. D.

Condensed from The New Republic (Jan. 14, '25)

AN interesting and authentic forecast of what the next war will be like was given in New York City last week at a luncheon of the Foreign Policy Association by a group of close students of aerial and chemical warfare, headed by Brigadier-General Lord Thomson, late chief of the Air Ministry in the Labor Government of Great Britain. The consensus of the experts was that in the next war the airplane will be the chief weapon both for offense and defense; that the only real defense will be to attempt to raid the enemy's capital before he raids yours; and that civilians, particularly those living in large cities, will be the first and perhaps the chief casualties. These experts were careful not to indulge in any wild, Sunday-paper sensationalism; but they made it very clear that in their belief trench warfare between professional armies is as extinct as the cross-bow. The future military aim will be to demoralize the enemy by wrecking his chief cities, and particularly his capital, at the earliest possible moment. "A burning charnel house" is the expressive phrase by which Lord Thomson described a city which had been the scene of a successful operation.

In the coming aerial warfare, gas, incendiary and explosive bombs will be used. The explosives will wreck buildings, killing many persons in the process. The incendiary bombs will start immense fires which cannot be put out, thereby destroying many more buildings and wrecks of buildings and killing additional members of the population. As to gases, several are available which can be used separately or in combination. Some of them are fatal 100 per cent of the time if they remain on the clothing or skin a few minutes. To be sure, methods of protection against poison gases in general exist. Masks, if worn by well-trained soldiers, are fairly adequate, though they would afford no protection against Lewisite, rained from the sky, and there is no safeguard against mustard and other heavy gases of the sort which collect in cellars, subways, etc., except to abandon any place drenched with them for a period which may be as long as a fortnight.

But even against ordinary chlorine, which is now regarded as antiquated for military use, it would probably be impossible to protect

(Continued on page 638)

A Monthly Magazine Digest Service which circulates

to members of the Association

THE READER'S DIGEST ASSOCIATION

Publication Office, Floral Park, New York

Editorial Office, Pleasantville, New York

EDITORS

DeWitt Wallace

Lila Bell Acheson

H. J. Cubberley

25c a copy; \$3.00 a year

Address All Communications to The Reader's Digest Association, Pleasantville, N. Y.

Entered as second class matter Oct. 4, 1922, at the Post Office at Floral Park, N. Y., under act of March 3, 1879.

The Reader's Digest

*"An article a day" from leading magazines
—each article of enduring value and interest,
in condensed, permanent booklet form.*

Vol. 3

FEBRUARY 1925

Serial No. 34

The Man in the Glass Cage

Condensed from the American Magazine (Jan. '25)
The fifth of the new series, "Adventures in Understanding,"
By David Grayson

I REMEMBER once a man asked me what my business was, and how the truth jumped straight out of me, as truth sometimes will, before I could think:

"I am a man trying to understand."

I consider this business the most interesting in the whole world, though it never made any man rich, except in satisfaction. I have conducted this business for many years in the country, where it is possible to have some success at it. But in the City—

Let me tell now of a strange experience that came to me after I had spent several months in the City. . . . I had at first a deep interest in the people I found there, and talked often with them at street corners, or in little shops; but presently the grim-walled factories there, especially a certain Mill with tall chimneys, began to have a curious fascination for me. . . .

One day I went in to see my friend, John Pitwell, who has much of the precious gift of old urbanity. There is a magic circle in the City. Within it everyone belongs; without

it, no one belongs. Mr. Pitwell was within it. He not only knew the Mill, but was actually a director in the company that owned it. He explained that they had been having an ugly strike, and he gave me a slip of paper which, he said, would get me past the gate.

The slip took me truly into that magic place; and the very next evening, I met the Man of the Glass Cage. His name was John Doney. "You want to see how she works?" said he.

"Yes," said I. "very much. I am from the country, and it is wonderful to me."

I followed him up the iron ladder to his cage, where he relieved his "side pardner," as he called him, and sat on a stool near him. From that vantage the great dimly lighted room with its enormous clashing machinery appeared still more awe-inspiring.

John Doney showed me, with faint evidences of pride, shouting at the top of his voice to make me hear, what this lever did; the purpose of that electric button; and how, with a motion, he could start or stop a

fifty-ton crane, or turn over a red-hot ingot weighing a ton or more. But it was not what he told me, amazing as it was, that impressed me most, but what I saw as I watched him.

For I began to have the uncanny impression that he was doing these things without volition, moving instinctively, like a man in a trance. "Why," said I suddenly, "he is as automatic as the machinery down there on the floor."

I looked at his eyes and had, in a strange flash of understanding, the sense that he saw nothing at all with them. He was blind!

The immobility of his face, then, was not the serenity of understanding; it was sheer blankness. It came to me with a flash that it was not he that controlled the machinery, but the machinery that controlled him. He was as much a part of it as any lever, roller, pin, or cog. Instead of having his consciousness, his understanding, sharpened by the marvels of his nights in this place, his personality seemed literally effaced.

At the change of the shift, I went out with John Doney and sat on a stool at the night-luncheon place. I found him talkative enough, about his family, the rent he had to pay and his insurance; but when I came up to the great questions I wanted most to ask, I got answers that seemed to me curious and vague. Finally, I plumped the problem straight at him:

"Why are you doing this work, anyway?"

He looked around at me, puzzling: "Why, I get forty a week."

"Is that all you get?" I asked.

"Yes," said he, "and it ain't really enough."

"But what do you do up there?"

"Why, you've seen it: I'm the control-operator."

"I know," I said; "but haven't you any idea of what you are doing—I mean the whole big job—when you

sit up there night after night? Aren't you *interested* in it?"

He looked around at me suspiciously, half alarmed. "What do you mean; a man's got to live, ain't he? He's got to make his wages, ain't he?"

It was hopeless. And at that a wave of compassion for this man—this blind automaton!—came over me; and I thought that it would be the greatest thing in the world if I could wake him up a little, make him see what he was doing, the sheer importance and beauty of it, the bigness of it. So I said to him quietly:

"Do you know what I thought as I saw you in the glass cage? Well, I thought you were the most important man in the whole mill. I thought you could tell me all about what was being done in the Mill, what was made there and why it was made. You controlled everything. If anything happened to you, everything would go to pieces."

He was still looking at me with an intentness I cannot describe—but now a look of puzzled alarm came into his face. "Say—what are you drivin' at? You talk like one o' these labor agitators."

I tried further, but soon saw that I had lost out; he seemed afraid even to carry on the discussion.

"I got to go back," said he gruffly. "I got wages to earn."

I walked homeward in the night with a deep sense of depression; and in the following late afternoon went again to see my friend Pitwell. He suggested that we take a turn in the Park.

"Well, Grayson," said he, "how did you like our Mill?"

"It is one of the most wonderful places," said I, "that I ever visited. But strange. Can you stand a country parable? Well, you know I keep bees. I enjoy this greatly. They have come to seem like people to me. I like to stand watching them, or, better yet, lie down close to their

hives, say in May when the drones are plenty and the young queens come out for their courting—and swarms are likely. It is a fine and wonderful society they have built up—”

“It must be,” said Mr. Pitwell.

“But at times,” said I, “there seems something positively terrifying about it: and this is what I am getting to. The bees are more highly developed in some ways than men; and their development is much older. You know that bees have been found in fossil form in the Baltic amber, showing that millions of years ago they existed in forms practically identical with those of today. Think of it!

“Lying there by my hives in the sun, I have thought of this with a strange feeling of weariness: the endlessness of it, the ceaseless, terrifying repetition, and no change, no progress!

“Well,” I continued, “I had something of the same feeling last night when I sat looking into that strange hive you call a mill. I had a curious flash of wonder if men were not drifting into a blind alley of mechanism like my bees—where they would go on repeating themselves wearily for a million years—and never come to know what it was all about, or be able to change it. Among the bee-people the organization or mechanism absolutely controls the bees: not the bees the mechanism.”

“Go on, go on,” said Mr. Pitwell, when I paused.

“Well,” said I, “I had an amusing conversation with that Man in the Glass Cage. I felt afterward as though I had tried to argue with one of my worker bees, I seemed to make so little impression upon him.”

I told Mr. Pitwell, then, as exactly as I could, what happened in the mill. . . . “It is odd, Mr. Grayson,” he remarked presently, “how little we have thought about the larger meanings of what we are doing.” After another pause, he asked, “What did you make out of the strike?

We’ve tried to treat our men well—we have treated them well—but they strike.”

“It impressed me as curious last night,” said I, “as I sat in that magic room, the sheer wonder and glory of human genius: that it could build such a marvel and set it to work for the benefit of mankind. It is greater than anything that Plato could have imagined or Napoleon brought to pass. You have built a kind of steel giant to do your work for you. It toils night and day, summer and winter; it never gets tired, it demands no vacations, it exacts no wages, it joins no union.

“And yet, as I sat there last night in that high cage, looking down upon that toiling but willing slave, I thought how it was that you, who have done all this, are quarreling over the management of it. Not long ago you actually had soldiers picketed around the mill to prevent some of the men who are interested—the workers—from breaking up or crippling this willing slave which helps feed and clothe you all. You’re wonderful when you invent and build; but how utterly you fail when it comes to controlling or using what you invent.”

“It’s true, Grayson, it’s true. But what is there to be done about it?”

“Well,” said I, “I am only a Countryman, and know very little about such things. But I had the impression powerfully last night when I was talking to the Man in the Glass Cage, that if somehow I could wake him up, and make him truly feel the wonder and importance and beauty of his job, he’d be quite a different man: happier, and a better worker.

“I had a feeling last night that if I found myself becoming just a kind of cog or pin or lever of that machinery—an automaton—like the Glass Cage Man, I’d do *anything*, even smash the machine, to prove that I was really a man.”

“Well,” said Mr. Pitwell, “you need not think that these problems have not bothered me.” Presently

he looked at me curiously, and asked: "Grayson, are you happy?"

This is a hard and sharp question to ask any man. But it is truly—as I thought afterward—the first question to put to the critic; for if the critic has not arrived at an understanding with himself (which is as near true "happiness" as any man ever gets) what right has he to criticize? I replied instantly (wondering since somewhat about it!):

"Yes, I am. Once I had a civil war going on in me; and I was unhappy. Now, I know who I am; and what I am trying to do. I know what life is for."

It is only occasionally—once or twice in a dozen years—that two men get down thus into the very roots of things.

"Well, what is life for?" asked Mr. Pitwell.

"It's to make better men, nobler men—and after that still nobler men. It's to throw all you are and everything you have into that one purpose. It's to understand the wonder and the truth of life—and then to make other people understand. It's to make of life a great adven-

ture; an expedition, an enthusiasm. Not to blink sorrow, or evil, or ugliness; but never to fear them! If I could have made that Man in the Glass Cage see what I see and feel what I feel, his whole life would be changed."

Mr. Pitwell said nothing.

"If a city produces good and noble and beautiful human beings then it is a good city; if a mill produces good and fine men, then it is a good mill. This is true. It isn't enough to produce steel in a mill."

I have felt abashed since when I thought how I orated there; and yet, should not a man, when asked, tell what he honestly thinks true about life—the true and ultimate thing it means to him?

We walked homeward, for the most part silent; but I had the strange warm feeling that this man by my side was more my friend than ever before.

When we parted at the foot of my street, he took my arm—or just touched it—but it was enough.

"I think," said he, "you are right. It isn't enough to produce steel in a mill."

The Reader's Digest is the only magazine I devour. I start in at the beginning and go clear through it. Then I start at the beginning and go through it again. I gnaw at it like a dog at a bone and growl like a dog when disturbed.—G. M. Anderson, 2628 Oakview Terrace, Maplewood, Mo.

The Doom of the Self-Made Man

Condensed from The Century Magazine (Dec. '24)

Richard J. Walsh

SAMUEL F. BATCHELDER, telling of the opening of the Harvard Medical School in 1783, says: "In those days a medical degree was almost unknown in this country; the budding medico then learned his business by private study and actual experience under some well-known practitioner."

He also says that before Isaac Parker, in 1816, suggested the Harvard Law School: "When a young man wished to study law, he had nowhere to go except the office of some attorney, where he became a legal apprentice, reading text-books at haphazard, when not engaged in the drudgery of a clerk."

A more recent object lesson in the addition of theoretical training to practical experience is found in the Naval War College, established in 1885. Graduate instruction in strategy and tactics is given by the College not to ensigns, but to officers ranking from lieutenant-commander up to admiral. Admiral Sims points out that: "Formerly, our naval officers believed that their practical sea-going experience was all that was required to fit them for efficient conduct of war. . . . No officer can hereafter exercise high command with the confidence of the service unless he has attended the Naval War College, maintained for the sole purpose of insuring efficient direction of our navy as a whole."

Is it hard to conceive, then, that a generation hence it may be said that "No business manager can hereafter conduct large affairs with the confidence of his subordinates unless he has been professionally trained for the efficient direction of industry and commerce"?

The raucous laugh of the "practical business man" is heard. "You can't teach in a school-room," says he, "the deep secret of leadership." . . . Perhaps not in a school-room; but the school room is admittedly a better place to start in than the shipping-room. And leadership itself is going to be taught, as other professions have been taught, not in mere school-rooms, but with the aid of research and practice, with the case system and field study, by graduate and postgraduate institutions of higher learning.

Professional education for industry had its real beginning 80 years ago with the founding of the Lawrence Scientific School. Before that time, teachers had been concerned with civil and military engineering, but not at all with the application of exact science to mining, manufacturing and agriculture. Abbott Lawrence had come to see that men skilled in engineering and chemistry were necessary to American manufacturing.

Chemistry also had been taught as pure science. In 1855, University College, London, began to teach chemistry as applied to industry. Nineteen years later, states a distinguished chemist, there was not a single self-trained chemist holding an important place in any of the British dye-works.

The use of money in industry was the next subject of professional education. Finance and accounting had long been taught as political economy, in terms of government administration and public policy. Finance as applied to business entered into formal education with the establishment, in 1883, of the Wharton

School of the University of Pennsylvania. Today we have nearly a hundred schools of commerce, twenty of these of collegiate grade.

Next began the attack of the universities upon the problems of personnel, vocational training, and industrial hygiene. Such training was instituted by Harvard in 1906.

We have seen, then, professional education taking up one after another the four factors in industry: 1. Energy. (Engineering education for industry.) 2. Materials. (Chemical education for industry.) 3. Money. (Education in business finance.) 4. Men. (Education in industrial hygiene, personnel, and vocational training.)

The effect of this application of science and education to business is apparent in the present condition of management. Specialized work is being done better. In the technical departments are trained men who know their tools and how to use them. But in *general* management one finds more and more hesitation and blundering. A previous article described the increasing tendency to hire outside experts for advice and guidance and to promote to positions of leadership men who have made successful records in specialized jobs, but who lack the ability to direct.

A general manager must initiate, co-ordinate, and review industrial action. There are few men who can claim to be professionally trained for this responsibility. Instead of professional direction, we still have at the very top of industry the old craft direction. The next task of higher education is to supply more and better *general* managers.

In the era just passed we have listened often and with respect to the biography of the self-made business leader, and have rated his boast an honorable one. Twenty years hence it will sound as crude and incongruous as talk of self-made

doctors. We will not then let men who have no professional business training tamper with the delicate organism of industry, with the critical balance of supply and demand, and with the human destinies of thousands of workers.

It is no longer possible to secure great new supplies of natural resources. It is in the development of processes of research and in the application of these processes that men in industry find their opportunity today. The need is for knowledge and trained men. The inexorable hand of competition dooms the self-made business leader. One by one those who have learned the management of other men only by the slow and costly method of hunch and mistake will yield their desks to executives who have been professionally trained.

Another article will tell in more detail of the character of this education, and particularly of the post-graduate institution for men already engaged in practice, such as the medical profession enjoys under the leadership of Johns Hopkins.

The self-made manager in business is nearing the end of his road. He cannot escape the relentless pursuit of the same forces that have eliminated self-made lawyers and doctors and admirals. Despite his own blind faith in the "practical," he is already hiring professionally trained engineers, chemists, accountants, and hygienists. He is more and more dependent upon them, and knows it. He must himself turn to professional education, or surrender control to those who do.

And, as Dr. Charles Franklin Thwing, President Emeritus of Western Reserve University, said recently: "The adequate professional training of men for business holds out large hopes not only for increasing the efficiency of business, but also for bettering American life in all its relations."

Marriage and Divorce

Excerpts from *The Yale Review* (Jan. '25)

Robert Grant, Formerly Judge for Suffolk County, Mass.

THE true stigma that attaches to the American divorce and remarriage situation today lies not so much in the increase of divorces as in the widely prevalent substitution of the false for the true in contempt of law and in sheer pursuit of personal happiness at any cost. An increasing number of people in the United States who pride themselves on their everyday respectability think nothing of stealthily hoodwinking the courts in order to obtain what would otherwise be refused them.

It is significant that at least 80 per cent of all our divorces are uncontested. A contested divorce in the United States takes care of itself, hinging on reasons which if proved are all-sufficient. But the vast majority of uncontested cases are grounded in fraud, the true cause, disaffection, falling short of the statute. This necessitates collusion and false or exaggerated testimony, or else temporary residence in a more accommodating jurisdiction in order to obtain what is unobtainable in one's domicile.

This practice is dependent for its vitality on 48 separate systems of marriage and divorce laws. The need for reform has been mooted for two generations. There is a measure now before Congress which promises to bring it to pass, and partly under fresh auspices.

The resolution introduced by Senator Arthur Capper, proposing an Amendment to the Constitution relative to marriage and divorce laws, owes its inception to the General Federation of Women's Clubs. The women, sensitive to the reproach that the latest figures (1922) show the proportion of marriages to di-

vorces in the United States as only 7.6 to 1 and that nothing practical is being done to check this, have initiated this crusade.

Those active in the present movement are less concerned at the rising tide of divorce than eager to do away once and for all with the hideous ambiguity, child of fraud, that leaves man or woman technically married to different persons at the same time, and guilty of adultery, bigamy, or safely married according to the side of a state border on which he or she happens to be. This desideratum could be secured by a very few words. The proposed Amendment reads: "The Congress shall have the power to make laws, which shall be uniform throughout the United States, on marriage and divorce . . . and the care and custody of children affected by annulment of marriage or divorce."

At present, control over marriage and divorce rests wholly in the individual States. With the transfer of this power, one national law would supersede the existing repugnant miscellany, dealing a deathblow to the present confusion and fitting from State to State for sinister purposes. By the terms of the Bill accompanying the proposed Amendment it is provided that the enforcement of the national Act shall be in the courts of the States and not in the federal courts, thus obviating new expense and the disarrangement of existing legal machinery. This provision should be borne in mind.

The Uniform Marriage and Divorce Bill actually filed is necessarily tentative. That Congress will refuse to pass a Bill either too stringent with respect to the grounds for

divorce or too onerous in its impediments to marriage may be taken for granted; public sentiment would not sanction it. In substance the proposed Bill is a well-considered measure. Among its provisions are (1) that before a marriage license may issue both parties must have made application to the proper authorities two weeks in advance, accompanied by a statement under oath concerning various matters, including physical and mental condition; (2) that no license (except by order of a judge, under special circumstances) shall be issued to a male under 18 or a female under 16; (3) that no license shall be issued to a male between 18 and 21 or a female between 16 and 18 without the consent of parent or guardian.

The grounds for divorce specified in the Bill are five: "adultery, cruel and unhuman treatment, abandonment or failure to provide for a period of one year or more, incurable insanity, conviction of an infamous crime." Upon the granting of a divorce neither party may marry for a year.

These grievances are a fairly representative cross section of the divorce statutes of the various States. The important fact to register is that the grounds set forth in the tentative Bill correspond almost exactly to those in the Uniform Divorce Act prepared by the State Commissions on Uniform Legislation. It is the moment to consider this. The policy of a good many people up to the present has been to secure ultimate uniformity by piecemeal methods. Considerably more than 25 years have elapsed since the advocates of national uniformity in various fields, assembled in Washington and devised the plan of State Commissions on Uniform Legislation. The important service of these commissions merits only praise. At the same time it is undeniable that their efforts to obtain endorsement of the pattern laws prepared by them to stabilize marriage and divorce have been pitifully meagre. Late figures show

adoption of their uniform Divorce Act by only 3 States. At this rate of progress the crack of doom will be in sight before there is complete uniformity.

And let it be set down here that the force of the phrase, "the strength of a chain is its weakest link," could be nowhere greater than in this connection. Conformity that meant adoption by most of the States but left the others, even though only three or four, at large, would merely perpetuate the present carnival of law evasion and hypocrisy by substituting a few migratory Meccas for a wider choice. The sole cure for our demoralizing license is absolute uniformity in our marriage and divorce laws from the Atlantic to the Pacific. A few loopholes would leave us exactly where we are at present. A national statute and this alone would obliterate completely the opportunities for clandestine evasion of the law of one's domicile, and restore the nation's self-respect by confronting it with the real issue—are our grounds for divorce as enacted to control or are our domestic malcontents to continue to obtain what they want by constant duplicity? Let us either welcome with open arms incompatibility as a ground for divorce or cease to masquerade as moralists by deliberate hoodwinking of our courts by falsehood.

Our spiritual need of an Interstate Marriage and Divorce law is quite as great as was our economic need of an Interstate Commerce law. All it involves is a compromise of local customs that will weld for the common good disastrously conflicting contradictions of theory and practice into harmony. What true merit is to be found in keeping the separate laws of 48 States individual and intact concerning a matter that affects all the people of the nation so vitally and homogeneously as marriage and its severance?

The reform is certain to come, for the American does not tolerate fraud indefinitely.

When Is a Citizen Not a Citizen?

Condensed from *The Atlantic Monthly* (Jan. '25)

Imogen B. Oakley

WHILE war clouds were hovering over Italy and Greece, an Italian-born gardener said to his American employer: "I hope there will be no war between Italy and Greece, for if there is I'll be called and I'll have to leave you."

"Why should you be called?" asked his employer. "You are a naturalized American citizen and have voted here for ten years."

"Yes," assented the naturalized citizen, "but Italy never gives up her children."

There is no treaty between the United States and Italy defining the status of Italian-born subjects who have become American citizens. Natives of Italy are subject to military service, and an Italian who has left Italy without fulfilling his military service and has become naturalized in the United States is subject to arrest and forced military service should he return between the ages of 18 and 39. After 39 he is not liable to service, but may be punished for desertion.

In a special notice to American citizens formerly subjects of Italy who contemplate returning to that country, the State Department advises that in case such American citizens have not performed their military service in Italy it would be well before returning to that country to send a petition for pardon for the offense of desertion or evasion of military service to the Italian Government direct, since "the State Department does not act as intermediary in any such matter."

The Italian-born naturalized citizen is not alone in having two allegiances, with the one of his native country holding precedence. Ameri-

can citizens of Greek, Rumanian, Polish, Dutch, Swiss, French, Russian, and German origin, should they return to the country of their birth, are subject to forced military service or punishment for desertion and the United States will not be able to make a protest. For there is no naturalization treaty between the United States and the countries mentioned. In all the notices to citizens of foreign birth returning to the country of their nativity, the State Department tacitly admits that the American Government is powerless to protect such citizens from service or punishment in the countries they have renounced in accordance with American law. That is to say, a naturalized citizen born in a country with which we have no naturalization treaty is not a citizen. Immigrants from those countries must be well aware that their oaths of renunciation are meaningless; that they are still subject to call from the countries they have gone through the form of renouncing; and the judges who administer the oaths know, or should know, that they are taking part in an international farce.

Why do we then as a nation insist that immigrants accept a citizenship which cannot protect them? Why do we coerce them to be naturalized? For coerce them we do!

In my own city, for example, and in every other city with which I am familiar, no unnaturalized citizen may have any municipal job, not even that of street-sweeper. That is coercion. Large employers of labor often specify in their advertisements for workmen that no unnaturalized citizens need apply. That is coercion. An unnaturalized citizen in Penn-

sylvania may not keep a dog. That is coercion.

This insistence that aliens of every grade of intelligence become voting citizens as soon as possible, regardless of the fact that a dual allegiance will be thrust upon large numbers of them, is due to a public sentiment fostered by three classes.

First, the sentimentalists who believe that ignorant aliens, after five years spent in America in a colony of their own countrymen and picking up a few words of broken English, become by there mere process of taking out their papers intelligent and loyal citizens.

Second, the large employers of labor. The Pittsburgh Survey, published some years ago, gave some interesting details of the methods used by steel and iron corporations to make the votes of their foreign-born employees serve their own interests.

Third, the politicians who want ignorant and cheap voters. The New York papers stated that before the last municipal campaign in that city such throngs of aliens were taken to get their papers that the naturalization courts were swamped and every court in the city had to postpone its own cases and go to their relief. With all the courts working together it was possible to make aliens into citizens at the rate of 15 a minute. . . . A lawyer who has had much to do with the prosecution of electoral frauds in my own city tells me that in every political campaign the unnaturalized citizens are rounded up, rushed through the naturalization courts, and taken in droves to the polls, where they vote as they are bidden. . . . A Polish miner in Pennsylvania once asked his boss to write a letter for him to his brother. "Tell him," said this naturalized American citizen, "to come over here. Wages are good and every year there comes along

a thing called a vote and you can always get two dollars for it."

In addition to the sentimentalists, the large employers of labor, and the politicians, there are many thoughtful men and women who favor prompt naturalization because, as they say, large groups of aliens, living together outside of our national life with no welfare in the affairs of city or state, become a menace to the community. These must be reminded that aliens from countries with which we have no naturalization treaties cannot become real citizens. Having a dual allegiance, with the one to their native country holding precedence, it is they who constitute the menace we should be aware of. They live in racial groups, maintain their own schools, read newspapers in their own language, cherish their racial traditions, and vote racially in our elections.

Cheap politicians already make appeals to the German-Americans, Irish-Americans, Polish-Americans, and other hyphenated groups, thus recognizing and stimulating race consciousness. It would be idle to deny that some of these hyphenated groups have their representatives in Congress, and it is quite possible that the nations with which we have no naturalization treaties make no protest against our claims to their subjects because of the influence they can exert in Congress upon our foreign policies.

William Hohenzollern once said: "I have some 2,000,000 Germans in America who do my bidding in every election," and though that was the foolish boast of an ill-balanced mind, we cannot offer the same explanation when deputies in the Italian parliament speak of "our colonies in America."

(A continuation of this article next month will discuss another phase of the subject.)

Every Worker a Capitalist

Condensed from *The World's Work* (Jan. '25)

David F. Houston, *Ex-Secretary of the Treasury*

THE history of industry in the United States, in the large, begins with the close of the Civil War. With the extension of railways, the growth of the factory system, and production on a larger scale, industrial combinations were rapidly developed. Industry became more and more corporate and less individual. Abuses became notorious and intolerable. Hysteria set up. By the end of 1894, 22 states had enacted anti-trust legislation.

But the number of corporate organizations continued to increase rapidly. Today, it is probably safe to say that 90 per cent of the business of manufacturing, mining, and of railroads, public utilities, and banks, is carried on by corporations.

And yet, these combinations today, in spite of the cries of the demagogues, do not arouse the apprehension that the smaller aggregations did in the latter part of the last century. What are the reasons? First, the public has a clearer perception of the advantages of large scale production, properly controlled. Second, public regulation on a large scale has come into being; regulatory bodies have abated the crude abuses of an earlier period, and the intelligent managers of industry, themselves, have come to have an appreciation of the need of regulation and to accept it instead of fighting it. Third, there has been an uplift not only in the public conscience but also generally in the thinking, standards, and practices of the management of big enterprise. Finally, and most important for our present purpose, the character of ownership has changed. Let us take typical instances and note the pertinent facts.

In 1911, the Standard Oil Company of New Jersey, owning 33 subsidiary companies, had only 6,078 stockholders. But today the owners of the companies formerly forming the Standard Oil unit number more than 300,000; and a very considerable number of these owners are employees.

Till recently the packing businesses were, broadly speaking, family affairs. Armour and Company recently reported that 77,000 persons owned the business, nearly 70,000 owning from 1 to 24 shares, 5,248 from 25 to 49 shares, 2,147 from 50 to 99 shares, 836 from 100 to 499 shares, and 83 owning 500 shares or more. The Swift Company reported 46,751 owners. Of the 123,751 owners of the two companies, 55,000 were employees.

Ten representative retail corporations report 40,767 stockholders, and an average of about 204 shares of the value of \$9,019 for each stockholder. . . . In March, 1924, the owners of the United States Steel Corporation numbered 159,000 and of this number, 50,020 were employees. The Bethlehem Steel Corporation reports 49,497 stockholders. . . . At the close of 1923, according to the Interstate Commerce Commission, the owners of Class 1 American railroads numbered 800,000, with an average holding of \$9,319.

It is estimated that the owners of all the gas, electric railway, and light and power utilities of this country now exceed 2,000,000. The reports of individual companies are significant. The Commonwealth Edison, which had 11 stockholders in 1883, was owned by 34,256 in 1923. The Southern California Edison had

only 2,000 holders as late as 1917. In 1923 it had 65,636.

In the field of communication, the situation is no less striking. In 1875, the Western Union had 1,382 stockholders, with an average of about 244 shares. In 1923, the number of owners had grown to 26,276, with an average holding of 38 shares. . . . In 1900 the owners of the American Telephone and Telegraph Company numbered 7,535, while today they number more than 343,000 with an average holding of 26 shares. More than 65,000 employees are stockholders, and more than 100,000 are acquiring stock.

And a similar picture holds for the great business of insurance.

All these things only reflect the real meaning of America, the meaning of democracy, the meaning of a decent regard for the average man. They are highly significant. They witness to a silent but strong evolutionary movement. In fact they suggest a movement almost revolutionary in its speed and magnitude.

This movement toward the democratization of industry through popular ownership is in its infancy. In the large, it has developed almost within a decade. It will spread as the nation grows and as enterprises increase in magnitude. It is becoming the settled policy of more and more corporate businesses to promote the ownership not only of their own employees in their business but also of the public generally; and it is important to remember that a large part of the public which is acquiring ownership in big business consists of employees.

This change has come silently. Even many intelligent observers have not recognized or fully appreciated it. The demagogues and other ignorant individuals have been unable or unwilling to sense it. Their attacks are directed at conditions which obtained in an earlier period but which have passed or are passing. Their thinking is out of date.

So far as can be seen, there is no limit in America to this development of widespread or popular ownership. Corporate business will grow in size. The number of corporations will increase. The policy of inviting more general ownership will doubtless persist and grow. The only limit I can suggest is that placed by the willingness of the laborers to work, to exercise will-power, to save, and to invest prudently. This limit is an elastic and growing one in America because wealth is rapidly expanding and the share of laborers in industry is great.

Herein lies the fundamental solution of the problem of the relation of labor and capital. It is the real solution of the partnership of labor in industry. Intelligent labor knows that, while there may be defects in capitalism, it can have no quarrel with capitalism as a system. It recognizes that capital is the result of work, of self-denial, and saving, and that its destruction, as demanded by some deluded persons here and abroad, would cause a reversion to primitive and futile industrial processes and results—that, in short, it would be economic and social suicide. It is coming to perceive that the paramount need is to increase the world's output, to raise the standard of living of all laborers, by education to increase their skill and their capacity to avail themselves of opportunities, and to induce them to practice self-denial and to save. And it is more and more realizing that the ideal and sensible thing is for every laborer to become a capitalist, a small one if necessary, a big one if he has the requisite character, industry, and will-power. Nearly every man one meets of high position or great means has come up with no other start than that furnished by good character, good ability, industry and will power. The instances are the rule and not the exception. There is no other road to industrial capitalism and success.

The Age of Play

Condensed from *The Independent* (Dec. 20, '24)

Robert L. Duffus

AGES of the world have been named after materials, such as stone, wood, bronze, gold, and steel; after conspicuous persons, such as Augustus, Elizabeth, Napoleon, and Victoria; after attributed intellectual or moral qualities, such as classicism, romanticism, doubt, and faith; after spiritual stirrings, such as the Reformation and the Renaissance; and after political incidents, such as the Crusades. Our own age may take its place in the historical pageant as the Age of Play.

Men, it is true, have disported themselves since the beginning of time. Carvings on Egyptian tombs and frescoes excavated from the ruins of Cnossus in Crete tell the story of bullfighting, dancing, and organized sports. But play as a ruling impulse is wholly modern and characteristically American.

It is difficult to assign an exact date for the beginning of the Age of Play. Obviously, the first prerequisite for play is leisure, although animal spirits and some economic leeway are desirable. Play on anything like the American scale would have been impossible except for the short working day, the Saturday holiday or half holiday, and the annual vacation. In 1850, the national income per capita was \$95, in 1918, \$586—a rate of progress which far outruns any inflation of the currency. In 1900, according to Mr. Julius Barnes, the average American family spent 60 per cent of its income for the basic necessities of life, but in 1920 had to devote only 50 per cent to the same purpose. Thus there was not only leisure to devote to play, but money to spend on it. There was also, no doubt,

an increasing restlessness, growing out of the uninteresting nature of the mechanical tasks to which larger and larger armies of workers were being assigned.

The first unmistakable sign of the coming era was the development of interest in games. Baseball first appeared in something like its modern form about 1845, but did not produce its first professionals and thus start on its career as a great national spectacle until 1871. Lawn tennis, first played in America in 1875, and golf, introduced early in the last decade of the century, remained games for the few until very recently. Now there are said to be 2,000,000 golfers and from a quarter to one-half as many tennis players. These are conspicuous instances of a general tendency. The playing of outdoor games was formerly either a juvenile or an aristocratic diversion; it has now become practically universal.

A second phase of the development of play in America is the community recreation movement, which arose from the discovery by social workers that training and organization for leisure were becoming as necessary as training and organization for work. In 1895, the city of Boston took the radical step of providing three sand piles for the entertainment of young children; model playgrounds came about ten years later. As late as 1903, only 13 cities had public playgrounds of any description. Then the growth of such facilities began with a rush. Last year there were 6,601 playgrounds in 680 cities, with an average daily attendance of about a million and a half.

In 89 cities there were municipal golf courses, on which any man or woman who could afford clubs, balls, and a small fee could play. Besides golf courses and tennis courts, upon which many a commoner became proficient in what had been "gentlemen's" games, there were municipal swimming pools, ball grounds, theaters, and, in 45 instances, summer camps under municipal auspices.

But no spontaneous play and no disinterestedly organized recreation program can for a moment be compared in magnitude with what are commonly known as the commercialized amusements. The motion picture, the phonograph, and the cheap automobile came into existence, like the cheap newspaper, because a public had been created which wanted them and could pay for them. In 1922, the motion-picture statisticians boasted a daily attendance of 20,000,000. The Federal tax reports showed that in 1921 the American people paid more than \$800,000,000 for motion pictures, theaters, concerts, and so forth. And most of this vast sum was spent by persons whose parents had had little or nothing to spend on amusements of a kindred nature as existed prior to 1900.

In 1921, the American public bought \$231,000,000 worth of musical instruments. Its consumption of billiard tables, bowling alleys, and accessories rose from \$919,000 worth in 1899 to \$9,632,000 worth in 1919. In three years, it is said to have spent \$175,000,000 upon 3,000,000 radio sets. It also resorts in vast numbers to such characteristically modern places of amusement as Coney Island, which has entertained as many as 600,000 visitors in a single day.

But there is one plaything which dwarfs all the rest. In 1906, there was one motor car for each 1,788 inhabitants; last year there was one for each eight. Last year there were 13,000,000 passenger cars in operation, and there is no question that

practically every one of them, on Sundays, holidays, after working hours, and during vacations, was used for pleasure. This is not a mere humdrum progress; it is more than that—it is a revolution. In Colorado alone more than 1,173,000 tourists visited the two national parks and 17 national forests in 1922 and all but 277,000 of them traveled by automobile. Public camps for motorists have sprung up everywhere during the past four or five years. The play spirit has never given us so democratic and invigorating a flower. And automobile camping is just beginning. I believe that in time these swift migrations which broaden the lives of hundreds of thousands who a generation ago would have been sitting stodgily at home, will be just as significant in our social and economic history as the journeyings of the historical Conestoga wagon.

The most significant aspect of the Age of Play, however, is an alteration of an ancient attitude,—the ancestral faith in mere hard work. Less than 100 years ago the merchants and shipowners of Boston were able to answer the demand of their employees for a ten-hour day with the argument that "the habits likely to be generated by this indulgence in idleness will be very detrimental to the community."

The first break in this armor of conservatism occurred when it was discovered that play added to the worker's efficiency and was therefore of economic value. It is now apparent that play is coming to be looked upon as an end justifiable in itself. The masses are nearer a frank and full enjoyment of life than any people that ever lived.

I do not maintain that all their amusements are wholesome, but I do maintain that such evils as exist are minor in comparison with the great gain for civilization that took place when millions learned to play where only thousands played before.

England and America: Contrasts

Excerpts from *The Bookman* (January '25)

A Conversation between Bernard Shaw and Archibald Henderson

HENDERSON. . . Nothing amuses Americans more, for example, than for Arnold Bennett to say that New York's "electric" energy is an illusion, or for Wells to call Washington notoriously indolent. Have you found Americans notoriously indolent?

SHAW. The human race is notoriously indolent. It is also notoriously industrious. If Wells says that Washington was lazy he is probably right, as he does not invent his facts. But perhaps all he means is that George did not run around like a mouse in oxygen as the modern American does.

HENDERSON. But, my dear Shaw, compare, for a single example, the hours of labor of the business man in New York and London. The American is at his office at eight-thirty or nine o'clock and remains until five or six; and works straight up till twelve or one o'clock on Saturday. The Briton knocks off work Friday at noon, goes to the country for the weekend, and does not return to his office until say eleven o'clock on the following Tuesday. In matters of business, large or small, the American prides himself on quick decisions and speedy results. In England it takes a man at least a week to come to a decision on any subject. Which method, in your opinion, is calculated to produce the best results: the slow, deliberate procedure of the British, or the speed and hustle of the American?

SHAW. The slow, deliberate Britisher is as imaginary as the hustling American. In my youth it was the Yankee who was slow and deliberate and dry and always suc-

cessful. Mark Twain, you may remember, kept up something of that tradition in his manner. Now the stage American hustles; and the stage Englishman is above business, though his solicitor is occasionally tolerated as a mild humorist. The real Englishman in business comes to grief—when he does come to grief—by taking Friday to Tuesday off, and being more interested in golf than in his business. The real American comes to grief because he thinks he is hustling along fine when he is only sending unnecessary telegrams and taking unnecessary journeys all day long. Americans have the most elaborate filing systems in the world; but no American can ever find a letter. And every American believes that the postage to every spot on the globe is two cents, thereby levying an enormous tax on the rest of the world in double charges for deficient stamps.

HENDERSON. We must broadcast this conversation in the United States by radio, in order to give my fellow countrymen a "new angle" (as we unscientifically say) on the much vaunted "American hustle." If we accept your unspoken definition of "hustle" as superfluous and fruitless expenditure of energy (a definition I do not for a moment accept), may I ask this further question: Does hustling "get you anywhere"?

SHAW. In half developed countries it may. In England it is useless: the plots are all preempted and the berths all occupied. You have to wait until someone dies. It is pathetic to see the newly arrived young American looking with contemptuous amazement at the hopeless Englishmen who will not hustle,

quite sure that he will bawl them all out in a week. He soon finds his mistake, poor lad!

HENDERSON. I daresay there is much truth in what you say. In a wonderfully rich and prosperous country like the United States, teeming with natural resources and business opportunities, of all sorts, hustling still brings rich rewards. All Europeans tell me that Americans are spoiled by having too much money to spend—and spending it! Americans are constantly establishing in European markets fictitious standards of value—especially in books, pictures, manuscripts, art objects, and the like—through a surplus of spending capital. The bus drivers of London are now on strike for a weekly wage which is the daily wage of a house painter or brick-layer in the United States! It still pays to hustle in a country like the United States, which has not yet been fully exploited. I suppose you would admit that Americans *are* hustlers?

SHAW. Yes; that is why they never find time to do anything.

HENDERSON. It is a perennial source of amusement to an American to observe the conservatism of Great Britain, fighting sternly the losing battle against the modern improvements, inventions, and innovations of American genius. Central heating systems, adequate bathing facilities, modern lighting, etc.—what a mighty struggle for victory these inevitable reforms still have to wage against British dread of innovation. At the Whitefriars Club not long ago, when Sir Reginald Blomfield spoke on "The Future of London" and wholeheartedly condemned the American skyscraper, I was the only person present to speak a word in aesthetic defense of the majestic skyline of New York harbor and the grand canyon (not of the Yellowstone, but—) of Wall Street. By the way, what do you think of skyscrapers?

SHAW. The obvious objections to

them are that the space occupied by the lifts, which are virtually up-ended streets, must involve enormous rents to make them pay, and that a threat of earthquake or anything else that would cause all their occupants to rush into the street simultaneously, might pile an ordinary roadway with dead bodies six deep. . . . We set a limit to the height of buildings relatively to the width of the street. . . .

HENDERSON. While the American stage has as many and as able actors as the British stage, it completely overtops the British stage in the number of its able actresses. I wonder if this is accidental!

SHAW. Is it a fact? I have no first hand knowledge of it. It has been the rule everywhere that actresses are better than actors, because the careers which offer the greatest opportunities to histrionic talent, such as the church, the bar, the political platform, and to a certain extent the army and diplomacy, have been closed to women. The women who, if they had been men, would have been cardinals, king's counsellors, demagogues, ambassadors, go on the stage, where they are more highly paid than men and enjoy an undisputed equality of opportunity and esteem with them. Except in cases of the Garrick type, where the natural specialization of the actor is overwhelming, the male actor is the refuse of the professions, whereas the leading lady is the pick of them. I should therefore infer from your statement that the professions are more overcrowded in England than in America, and less accessible or agreeable to women in America than in England.

HENDERSON. I note with interest that in recent years Englishmen have been writing biographies and plays dealing with conspicuous American figures: Lee, "Stonewall" Jackson, Lincoln, and Roosevelt. How do you account for this?

SHAW. I suppose we are running short of heroes on this side. . . .

The Promise of Chlorine Gas Clinics

Condensed from *The Review of Reviews* (Jan. '25)

Oliver Peck Newman

TWO United States Senators meet in a corridor at the Capitol.

Senator A tries to halt Senator B to ask him about a pending bill.

Senator B: "I can't stop now; must hurry to my chlorine treatment."

Senator A: "I had my third yesterday and my cold is gone. It's a great thing."

Such exchanges may now be heard almost daily in either the Senate or House, for Congressmen take the chlorine treatment whenever they feel a cold "coming on."

President Coolidge recently sat chatting with his friend, Bishop William F. Anderson, of Cincinnati. The Bishop was suffering from a severe cold. "You must go down and take a chlorine treatment," said Mr. Coolidge. "I recently cured a bad cold in that manner." The Bishop took an hour's treatment in the morning and the same in the afternoon. After his arrival home he wrote back and thanked the President, reporting that his cold was gone.

The Army doctors have been experimenting with chlorine gas for two years, and since February, 1924, a gas chamber has been in constant operation. There more than 2,000 persons have been treated. The Navy Dispensary has operated a chamber since April, 1924, and has treated more than 1,200 cases. Before these two chambers were established experiments were conducted at the Edgewood Arsenal, where 931 patients were treated. This makes a total of approximately 4,000 persons who have been given chlorine gas under direction of men of science in the government service.

The results indicate that a cure for common colds and whooping cough has been found.

If this be true, the effects are so far-reaching as to exceed human ability to visualize. For instance, the Public Health Service has just announced that a survey shows that 90 per cent of the people of the United States have a cold once a year. If each cold means a cost of only one dollar (in loss of time, drug bills, doctors' bills, lowered efficiency) chlorine gas would save us one hundred million dollars annually.

Increased efficiency and productivity due to absence of colds cannot be estimated. Neither is there any way to measure what the increase in human happiness would be if we could get rid of colds quickly by a simple, inexpensive method. Still another immeasurable effect would be the cutting-off of innumerable diseases which follow in the wake of colds.

The story of chlorine gas as a curative agency reads like a romance. Out of one of the most awful weapons of destruction ever conceived, we now seem likely to evolve one of the greatest blessings ever known to man.

The present research goes back to 1918, when the Germans were drenching the front line trenches of the Allies with gas and the influenza epidemic was raging throughout France. It was observed that while the rear areas suffered frightfully from influenza, the troops at the front were practically free from it. The medical officer of one American division, noting this condition, instituted chlorine gas treatment for respiratory troubles among his men,

with the result that colds and "flu" were materially reduced.

At about the same time in this country it was observed that employees in plants turning out war gases containing chlorine were immune to the ravages of influenza, which took such terrible toll of the military camps.

Lt.-Col. Edward B. Vedder, M.D., of the Army Medical Corps, states that the chlorine treatment has effected cures in the case of colds in 75 per cent of such cases, also in 80 per cent of the cases of acute bronchitis and in 78 cases of acute laryngitis. In cases of whooping-cough, chlorine gas is almost a sure cure.

The treatment is not disagreeable. At the Army and Navy chambers from six to ten patients are admitted simultaneously. They bring books, newspapers, or magazines with them, and read during the inhalation. Each "class" sits in the chamber for one hour. The patient is conscious that there is something in the atmosphere only because of a very slight smarting of the eyes and the barest possible irritation in the nose and throat. No matter what sort of cold the patient has, he seldom coughs while inhaling the gas. The number of treatments varies. A cold treated at the very beginning might require but one inhalation, but it is more likely to require two. A well-advanced cold may require four or five treatments.

One of the best things about the chlorine gas treatment is the slight cost at which it can be administered. The apparatus for charging a gas chamber can be purchased for less than \$100, and the chlorine gas costs only a few cents a day. One church in Washington has installed

a chamber for its members. At certain hours doctors who are members of the congregation operate the apparatus. Patients are charged \$1 each per treatment, and of this sum 50 cents goes to the doctor and 50 cents to the church. Gas chambers could easily be established in public schools and operated by school nurses. Owners of office buildings could put in gas chambers for their tenants; department stores, could install them for their employees. Health departments of municipalities could operate them for the general public, with a reasonable charge.

It is possible to buy, for a few dollars, a little apparatus for the administration of chlorine gas to one or two individuals. It may soon, therefore, be a common thing to walk into a man's office and find him dictating letters and taking his chlorine treatment at the same time.

Gas chambers are being installed rapidly. A large commercial clinic has been operated successfully in Chicago over a considerable period. The General Electric Company is the latest big industrial concern to adopt chlorine treatment for its employees. Others that have done the same, after investigation, are the Carnegie Steel Company, the National Tube Company, and the Westinghouse Company, of Pittsburgh; the Henry Ford Hospital at Detroit; the Endicott Johnson Corporation, shoe manufacturers, at Johnson City, N. Y.; the Fidelity and Casualty Insurance Company of New York City, the Hooker Electrochemical Company of Niagara Falls, the Passavant Hospital at Pittsburgh, and the Cleveland Clinic (also a hospital). Individual physicians all over the country are installing gas chambers and reporting satisfactory results.

It is a gold-mine of information, and the best all-round publication I have seen.—Prof. T. S. Higgins, Grove City College, Pennsylvania.

Trial By Jury—2

Condensed from *The American Mercury* (Dec. '24)

Harry Elmer Barnes

WE have thus the spectacle of a "fixed" or "selected" jury, or one of colorless liars and illiterates deciding the matter of the corporeal existence, public reputation, property rights or personal freedom of a fellow-man upon the basis of lottery, rhetoric, acrimonious debate or intimidation, in ignorance or defiance of legal rulings which they do not understand and of testimony, perhaps dishonest, which they have only imperfectly followed, and from an intelligent comprehension of which they have been diverted by the fervid emotional appeals of counsel.

If one were to protest against the accuracy of this picture by the counter-allegation that most verdicts are nevertheless sound, the first answer suggested would be the query as to how one knows a particular verdict is a correct one. The majority of our convicted murderers go to the chair bawling protestations of innocence, while many obviously guilty ones are freed. There being under our system an opportunity only for a verdict of guilty or not guilty, by the mathematical laws of chance verdicts should be right in 50 per cent of all cases. Surely there is no person of reasonable sanity who would contend that more than half of our jury verdicts are accurate, or that the majority of those which are sound are such for any other reason than pure chance.

The amusing but tragic travesty which almost invariably accompanies a jury trial is due, of course, to our democratic hallucination as to the intellectual acumen, information, and judgment of the average specimen of *Homo Sapiens*, and to our entirely

wrong-headed and antiquated concepts in regard to society's proper attitude toward the criminal. Hitherto, our criminal justice has been concerned almost entirely with the crime and its commission and not with the criminal and his personality. Modern science repudiates this mode of approach. It is the criminal and not the crime which must be primarily considered, whether we emphasize the reformation of the criminal or the protection of society. The nature of the criminal personality is the point of attack for the rational criminologist, and there is no greater scientific fallacy extant today than that which was urged so tenaciously by Mr. Crowe and his associates in the recent Chicago trial, namely, that the penalty should be made to fit the crime. Only in a very limited degree is the crime any real criterion of the potential danger of the criminal to society or of the possibility of his reformation. The California Bluebeard, J. P. Watson, who was discovered some four years ago to have killed at least nine wives, was potentially less dangerous to society than a low-grade feeble-minded boy whose chief offense to date has been the pilfering of marbles and candy. Mr. Watson, under proper therapeutic treatment, could probably have been cured of his compulsion neurosis in a couple of years and restored as a safe member of society, but every criminally inclined imbecile is an incurable potential murderer as long as he lives, even though he may never commit any crime during his entire career.

Accepting, then, as basic the notion that we should deal with the personality of the criminal and not with

his alleged act, it immediately becomes apparent that criminology is a highly complex technical subject. To be successfully pursued it requires the collaboration of biologists, psychologists, psychiatrists and social workers. Obviously, its problems are not to be entrusted to lawyers or to the sort of men who serve on juries. The jury-room is no more a place for the functioning of the common man than the operating-room of a hospital, the designing-room of the American Bridge Company or the research laboratory of the General Electric Company. Least of all can we rationally entrust the decision in a case of alleged insanity to the average man. Imagine, for example, a group of plumbers, barbers and the like being assembled before a class of medical students to diagnose a case of inflammation of the pancreas, or gallstones, or tumor of the uterus. Such a grotesque absurdity would be exactly comparable to the burlesque of calling a jury to decide upon the insanity of a defendant in a criminal case were it not that the determination of insanity is often a much more difficult and subtle task than the diagnosis of physical disease.

The new criminology will delegate the study and treatment of the criminal to a permanent group of experts under the leadership of trained and enlightened psychiatrists. Such a group will not be concerned primarily with the mere legal guilt of the person accused. Guilt of criminal action will be regarded only as a symptom of initial significance. Accusation and guilt will be viewed chiefly as means of bringing a criminal personality into the custody of scientists. The important question will be the menace of the individual to society and the possibility of so treating him as to eliminate that menace. If it is found that his personality is such as to make it permanent and serious, he will be segregated for life, whether he has committed a multiple

murder or stolen a bag of peanuts. On the other hand, many a person who has committed a murder will be committed to a sanitarium for treatment, with the expectancy of his ultimate release to a life of freedom if his motivating compulsive disorder is of the type which promises recovery under treatment.

Those who allege that the new criminology will not offer adequate social protection argue badly and in a circle. Surely no person would contend that our present criminal jurisprudence in the United States offers adequate protection against, say, crimes of violence. A careful statistical study by the Metropolitan Life Insurance Company has recently shown that there is only one execution to every 146 homicides in this country and that our homicide rate is 17 times as high as that of England. The new criminology will prescribe a technic and procedure which will be much more effective than even the English procedure. For the first time in the history of criminal jurisprudence there will be a group of individuals actually interested in the real facts about crime and capable of making use of them in an intelligent manner. It will no longer be a matter of gubernatorial ambitions on the part of the district attorney or fees and reputation for the counsel for the defense. The new system will go beyond Chief Vollmer in urging improvements in our police, so as to make the discovery of crime and the subsequent retribution swift and sure. It will advocate devices to discover in advance of criminal action the existence of personalities likely to become menaces to society. In the case of a young person suffering from incipient dementia-praecox we do not insist upon waiting until he has assassinated his grandmother before we commit him to an institution. Likewise, it is not invariably necessary to wait until a potential murderer has committed his crime before he is detected and

(Continued on Page 602)

What Fixes Men's Salaries

Excerpts from *Good Housekeeping* (Jan. '25)

Bruce Barton

LINCOLN once said, "I have talked with great men, and I can not see wherein they differ from others." Anybody who has to visit prominent people, as a newspaper man does, understands what Lincoln meant. Do you remember the story about the American who was in the art gallery, when Tennyson entered with his wife and children? The American was naturally thrilled. Without being obtrusive he stood as near to the family as he could, waiting for some deathless lines to fall from those great lips. But for half an hour the poet moved from picture to picture in silence. At length he stopped and passed the catalog to his wife. It was evident that he was about to speak, and the American edged closer, holding his breath. This is what he heard: "My, dear, you stay here with the children a few minutes. I'm going out and get a glass of beer."

Great men are very human—very vulnerable. Yet somehow—by some hidden mental quirk which is probably as much a mystery to them as it is to others—they have lifted themselves to prominence.

During the war I was thrown into contact with one of the biggest men in New York. He was hardly more than a boy when he came to New York and entered the office of one of the life insurance companies. He went up through the ranks until he was at the top of his company, and there Mr. Morgan saw him and invited him to become his partner. He amassed a fortune, and at 50 he retired and announced that he would devote the rest of his days to various enterprises for the common good.

We went through a month of unusual strain, on a task related to

the war. Remembering his record, I watched him work, and it was interesting. During that entire month he was never in bed before midnight, often not until two o'clock; yet he was up and at work by seven-thirty. I was hardly more than half his age, and I was tired—terribly so. As that long month dragged to its close I understood a part of the reason for his success—the extra element of endurance by which he carried on when other men had grown weary and dropped out.

But the meetings of the big committee, of which we were both members, were even more revealing. Thirty men sat around that table, half of them millionaires. As one subject after another came up for discussion, it seemed to me that his mind worked just a trifle more quickly and more accurately than any of the others. Only a trifle, mind you—the fraction of a second; and his decisions were not always sound by any means. Moreover there are many men whose minds work fast and accurately, and life does not, on that account alone, yield them a fortune of several million dollars. There was an unseen element in him, quite apart from his mental agility and his power of concentrated work; what was it?

It is one of the great mysteries how one man moves forward so easily, while a hundred others struggle for a mere existence. However, there are some well-established facts about the earning power of men with which all executives are familiar.

1. There is the faithful old law of supply and demand. Brains are a commodity, like bricks and steel; they tend to find their level in the

world market. You can't keep a fast horse very long in a poor man's stable. There are not very many of us who are being shut off from our just deserts by jealousy or small-mindedness on the part of our employers. It is important to face this fact frankly at the outset, I think, because thousands of folks are hindered from effective progress by a smoldering suspicion and resentment. Angry at the injustice which they believe is being done to them in the present, they destroy their chief hope for better things in the future.

2. All of which is merely another way of saying that we are paid "on output." A merchant of my acquaintance, the head of a great department store, was consulted one day by a young financier who had inherited a store as one part of a huge estate. "How much do you pay your heads of departments?" the financier asked.

"Some are getting ten thousand dollars and some are getting sixty," said the merchant.

"You don't mean it!" exclaimed the financier. "Why, that is more than we pay our best men in the bank."

"Very likely," said the merchant. "Our men *should* get more than bankers. Banking is an old, settled, and codified business; its rules are firmly established, and a man of average intelligence, if he works and is agreeable and minds the rules, can fill a banking position satisfactorily. He does not earn, and should not receive, especially high pay. But the game of buying and selling goods, of forecasting public taste and risking your whole capital on the rightness of your judgment—that can not be reduced to rules. It is the keenest possible contest of wits, and the men who excel at it fix their own pay by the profits they make. I say to one of our men, 'Your salary will be so many thousand dollars.' Then I figure the net profit of his operations, and at the

end of the year he gets his share."

The financier took that conversation to heart and put the principal men in his store on a similar basis. Some of them, as a result, are receiving five times their former incomes, but the store, which had been losing money, is a decided success.

Not all business leaders have learned the wisdom of this philosophy, but it is spreading fast. More and more we tend to be paid on "output"; and if what we produce is out of proportion to what we receive, and our present employers will not recognize the fact, some other employer will. Competition is too keen to allow any man of real ability to remain long underpaid.

3. Conditions *do* vary geographically. This is so generally understood that it hardly needs comment. The president of a large company told me that whenever they move a man to New York from one of the smaller cities, they have to increase his salary at least \$1,500 to provide for the necessary increase in his expenses. Before we distress our spirits with envy of those who seem to have much more than ourselves, we ought to know something about their outgo as well as their intake.

4. Conditions vary in different businesses also. The same degree of genius and devotion will yield much more profit in manufacturing than in teaching school; men have made millions in automobiles and motion pictures who would have scored only a moderate success if they had studied law or medicine or set up a country store.

My friend, the merchant, explained this in part in his comparison of banking with merchandising. Generally speaking, the older, better-established, and safer a business or profession, the smaller its measure of reward. Sometime I want to write a piece on "neglected businesses," having in mind particularly the boys who graduate from our colleges. They tend to flow into certain well-defined channels. They

enter one of a half dozen lines to which a certain social standing attaches. If my boy were graduating next spring, I would say to him:

"Find out what a majority of your classmates are going to do, and then decide *not* to do that. If you want a job that sounds good when you mention it in a drawing-room, you can find it. But remember that social prestige has to be paid for, like everything else; and you can't have 'nice' work and 'easy' work and expect, at the same time, to get as much money as those who are bearing the harder burdens and running the greater risks."

5. That element of *risk* has an importance which few of us appreciate. I referred to it in an earlier article when I spoke of the fact that not so many American boys now enter life with the ambition to have businesses of their own. The son of a Gloucester fisherman, I said, was content to be employed only until he had saved money enough to buy a dory of his own; the son of the Virginia planter invested his earnings in land and seized the first opportunity to set up for himself. Modern life is much more complex. At the same time, the sons of our immigrants still operate upon the old-time American plan. They black boots just long enough to buy a boot-blackening stand; they wash dishes until they have earned enough to buy a little restaurant; they travel behind a push cart today and tomorrow they own a store.

"You have been in close contact with many sorts of business," I said to a shrewd observer. "What is the principal requisite for business success?" He answered, "Courage to jump off the dock."

The willingness to take a chance is richly rewarded. On the other hand, we need to remember that it is severely penalized as well. Only the successes are reported in the newspapers, not the failures.

Risk has to be richly rewarded, or men would not take it. But no one

who occupies a perfectly secure position, free from worry and sleepless nights, has any right to look at the man who has established a profitable business of his own and say, "Why does he make so much more than I?"

6. Business pays a high price for that almost indefinable quality which we call "personality." Nature is obviously not impartial in the distribution of her gifts. Some children are instantly attractive, some completely lacking in appeal. Yet those same children, 25 years afterward, may show a marvelous reversal of form. Personality, in other words, is not a fixed thing, wished on us at birth and henceforth changeless. It is the sum total of our living, our reading, and our thought. The ability to convey something interesting is the open sesame to the private offices of big men, all of whom are restless-minded, constantly reaching out for the new idea. And many a man who has a grudge against nature for not endowing him with a richer personality, could vastly improve his position by the sort of reading and study that would tend to make him interesting to these men higher up.

7. Initiative is closely linked with personality—and both are quite capable of development. Men give various reasons to themselves, and to their wives, for expecting their salaries to be raised. "I have been two years on the same job without an increase," they say. Or, "My family has grown, and I need more money," or, "The cost of living has gone up." Such arguments may result in routine promotions, but they will never achieve the heights of earning power. The man at the top is interested in men who can add to his volume of business or decrease his expense, and to these, and these only, he pays the really big sums.

8. Some men are born with the instinct for making money, as others are born with the instinct for painting pictures. This gift is not distributed widely—nor very wisely—

among the members of the human race, and if you were not born with it, you probably can not acquire it. No matter what we do, large wealth is for most of us simply out of the question.

But there is a vast difference between large wealth and large success, and if I have any one definite conviction it is this—that a successful life is possible for any man or woman who wants it enough and is willing to make the necessary sacrifices. This is not a mere bit of "inspirational writing": it is a fact which is being proved in every community every single day.

There are in this country a number of reputable institutions which offer courses in business training by mail. Month after month their advertisements appear in the magazines, reciting success stories which prove beyond any possible doubt that men do make progress in proportion to their increase in working knowledge. Millions see these advertisements, but only a few thousands reply to them. The millions vaguely want success, but not enough to devote a couple of evenings a week to serious preparation.

9. Finally, every American family ought to formulate for itself some philosophy as regards money, and live in accordance with it. What a world of jealousy, covetousness, and regret would vanish if this were done! The Frenchman has his definite program. He does not expect great wealth nor seek it, but he does expect a competence, and slowly, definitely, he works and saves, gladly submitting to all necessary economies and neither seeking to arrive too soon at his goal nor envying those who travel faster. We are less wise. We envy the rich and refuse to take them seriously when they tell us that a great deal of money does not insure a great deal of happiness.

Years ago I read an article by William Hard on Justice Brandeis. I have never forgotten one sentence. Mr. Hard said: "*It was a rule of his father's that in their home money should never be mentioned.*" That has always seemed to me the finest possible solution of the money question. No pretense; no niggardliness, no covetousness. Just a quiet competence, and freedom for thinking and talking about other and finer things.

Trial By Jury—2

(Continued from Page 598)

segregated. Many will allege that it will be very difficult to discover such potential criminals in advance, but it may be retorted that it is equally difficult to discover persons who are spreading contagious diseases. Yet it is only as we succeed in this last that we are capable of giving any reality and value to preventive medicine. In all probability, arrest by ever more scientifically trained police will remain a major method of bringing the criminal to the attention of psychiatrists, but a greater and greater percentage of anticipations will be realized through mental hygiene clinics, compulsory mental testing, and the extension of psy-

chiatry into the work of the public schools.

Even more, the scientific criminology will emphasize the necessity of sterilizing and segregating that class which produces most of our potential criminals, namely, the feeble-minded. There will be no more time sentences; the period of segregation will depend entirely upon the progress made toward the cure of the disorder which motivates and precipitates criminal conduct. The same criteria will guide our procedure that governs it today with respect to the release of patients from hospitals for the insane.

The Republican Victory

Condensed form Scribner's Magazine (Jan. '25)

William F. Borah, Senator from Idaho

WE have passed through a prolonged era of riotous disregard of the simplest and most fundamental principles of public service; nothing like it since the days of Walpole, when the paymaster stood near the gangway of the House of Commons and settled in cash with the political Judases as they passed into the night and into everlasting infamy. The aftermath of war brings always and ever a reign of looseness, both in public and private morals, an era of peculation and corruption. Let no Republican suppose for a moment that the vote in the last election indicated indifference to this issue. Had it not been for the exceptional confidence the people had in the integrity and purpose of the President, separate and apart from the record of the party, the story of the ides of November would have been quite different. They trusted Coolidge, and it is up to the party to give him aggressive support in what should be a most drastic program of housecleaning.

So far as the taxpayer is concerned, it makes little difference whether public property is bartered away by corrupt officers or whether the public treasury is simply looted through the yielding of a timid Congress to every organized demand of a menacing block of voters. Is there anywhere to be found a story of incompetence, waste, and extravagance, equal to that which is found in the record of the government during the last ten years? The revolting tale of the Shipping Board, the perfidy of the Alien Property administration, the crime of the airplane enterprise, the shame of the oil deal, together with numerous bills and measures

equally unjust, and unnecessarily adding millions directly to the taxpayers' burdens!

The percentage of increase in taxes in the States ranged from 100 per cent to 350 per cent during the last ten years. The tax bill of the farmers in 1913 was \$624,000,000; in 1922 it was \$1,436,000,000. The farmer in 1922 paid 16.6 per cent of his entire income for taxes. Prof. Richard T. Ely makes the startling statement that "taxes on farm lands are steadily and rapidly approximating the annual value of farm lands." I beg leave to say that the great trouble with agriculture is that we are taxing the farmer to death. No one is more affected by railroad rates than the farmer and the live-stock man; observe then that in 1912 railroad taxes per mile were \$272, and in 1922 they were \$1,241 per mile.

The issue of economy was the issue which broke across all party lines and brought Mr. Coolidge more votes than all the other issues combined. Extravagance is the most subtle and dangerous disease with which a free government has to contend. It is now a national disease. It will require skill and courage and great persistence to eliminate it from the body politic. Any one who is interested in the future of the Republican party and, what is far more important, in the future of our country will stand true in this fight.

Law enforcement has also become a great national problem. This government was founded upon the theory that the people would obey the laws which they helped to make. Upon no other theory can it be maintained. This principle is being sadly challenged by actual facts. In

1920 there were 9,000 homicides in the United States; in 1921, 9,500. During the last ten years 85,000 people from unlawful means have suffered death. In 1922 there were 17 murders in the city of London, 260 in New York City, 137 in Chicago. In 1921 there were 121 robberies in all of England and Wales, 1,445 in New York City, 2,417 in Chicago. This presents a great national problem which can never be remedied except through the invincible power of public opinion, through bringing ourselves to understand again that respect for and devotion to established law is indispensable to our happiness and to our prosperity and to the maintenance of our civilization.

It is even more serious when disregard for law relates to the great charter of government under which we live. Defiance of the Constitution, or any of its provisions, strikes at the very foundation of a government of law and order, undermines the whole structure of orderly and regulated liberty. To rewrite all or any part of the Constitution is a right which no one ought to challenge. But while it is the fundamental law, it is nothing less than a betrayal of the first principles of free government to disregard it, or any provision of it. The Republican party can perform no greater service to the cause of good government than by making law enforcement one of its primary obligations and duties.

The transportation problem, the coal problem, legislation touching the development of electric power, present a line of work which calls for a vast amount of careful preparation and the highest order of constructive talent. Delay is dangerous, principally for the reason that, too long postponed, a crisis will come and we shall have to enact ill-considered and harmful legislation. Under the whip and overnight, as is our wont, we will undertake to solve some of the most difficult and delicate problems imaginable. If these

were new problems, it would be different, but they have been waiting for consideration a long time.

In foreign affairs the most interesting questions of a century are begging for attention. I am just as much opposed to foreign political entanglements as one could be. They seem to me not only unwise and dangerous but actually an embarrassment, a hindrance in the great leadership which may, if we choose, be ours in the cause of disarmament and peace. The fact that we want no foreign political obligations does not in any sense relieve us from concern and consideration touching those great principles which lie at the base of not only our material but our spiritual progress and power.

We ought to lead out in re-establishing and bringing down to date a body of international law. A court without a body of laws under, and in accordance with, which it may function would be unworkable, and if workable most undesirable—a menace. We ought to seek to incorporate in that code provisions which would express the judgment of mankind that war is a crime and should no longer be accepted among enlightened nations as a legitimate institution for the settlement of international disputes; then the establishment of an international judicial tribunal divorced from and independent of all international politics or political institutions, with power and jurisdiction to hear and decide all questions arising under international law or treaties. We can render a singularly great service to the cause of peace and disarmament and to the advancement and happiness of the whole human family, and we can do so without sacrificing or even putting in pawn our freedom of action or our sovereignty and without departing from the traditional policies under which we have come into our present place of prestige and power.

The King of Press Agent Hoaxers

Condensed from Collier's, The National Weekly

Harold Cary

HARRY L. REICHENBACK, the King of Hoaxers, has been putting it over on the newspapers as a press agent for 27 years, and they still fall. Why do they still print his stuff? Aren't they suspicious?

"They can't help printing it," he said to me. "When we pull something off it has a genuine news value as far as the eye can see. Of course I don't exactly sign my stuff."

The biggest hoax Reichenback ever pulled was about five years ago to advertise a motion picture called the Virgin of Stamboul. Harry went down into a foreign district of New York and hired 12 Turkish cooks. From a big licorice company he retained an interpreter who had lived among fairly high Turkish society once upon a time. He rented a rehearsal hall for ten days and some Turkish costumes.

Just before the opening of the new film he sent the Turks up to Albany in citizens' clothes. On a train back to New York he bought a couple of compartments in which the Turks changed to real Turkish clothes. Meanwhile, Harry, pretending to be of the Turkish legation in New York, called up the Majestic Hotel in New York and arranged for rooms for Achmet Ben and junta of 11 persons. He requested that secrecy be maintained by the hotel because any publicity would interfere with the mission which they sought to accomplish. The hotel obeyed the request.

But that night the Turks telephoned down that they wished dinner served in the grill, on the floor. They brought down their Turkish water pipes, and in Turkish fashion the servants of the party were re-

quired to taste the food before Achmet Ben touched it. Meanwhile O. O. McIntyre, the press agent of the Majestic, was getting an eyeful. He took it in, hook and all.

When McIntyre called he saw \$25,000 in dollar bills on the table in Achmet Ben's sitting-room and he heard the story of Sari, known as the Virgin of Stamboul, whom this mission was seeking. Sari, he was informed, was the daughter of a millionaire. She had run away with a lieutenant of the marines. The money was for a reward, dead or alive. Soon after McIntyre's visit the rooms swarmed with newspaper men. Harry, wearing a mustache and acting as secretary, knew them all, but they did not know him. For three days the papers were full of headlines about the Virgin of Stamboul. Then Royden Sparkes, of the New York Tribune, saw an American-made linen collar in Achmet Ben's open traveling bag and guessed the horrid truth. More headlines. The story was punctured. It was all free publicity for the motion picture. But not yet was it really over. The Turks remained grave. Harry hired a detective agency, who found the girl in Kenmare Street. They brought her to the hotel where she had hysterics and where the Turks prayed at her bedside while the "doctor" pretended to administer hypodermics in the presence of the reporters.

Again the papers printed the stuff. In the midst of the second deluge of publicity the motion picture was emblazoned on the billboards, and the Turks went back to the East Side restaurants. But by now every man, woman, and child in the United

States who reads newspapers knew the name of the film. The King had done his work well.

When Trilby, a film, opened, the authorities of the picture house called Bellevue Hospital for an ambulance, saying they had found a woman dead in her seat after the show. She was not dead; she was rigid, insensible to pin pricks, sitting upright. Just before the morning papers went to press she opened her eyes and said, "Those eyes, Svengali, those eyes; take him away!" So that morning the story went all over the United States that a woman had been hypnotized by Svengali's eyes in the motion picture! The doctors called it the cataleptic stimulus of the film. The lady, in truth, was a clever acrobat whom Harry had run around the block 12 times to get her heart going like mad and her temperature up before the ambulance came.

Harry works backward, as a writer of detective stories often does. When he was doing press agent work for the Great Raymond, a magician, on two-night stands in Vermont, he read in the papers that in the neighboring town of Rutland a little girl had disappeared. He jumped over there and got the ear of the chief of police. He explained that Raymond was in the next town, and that his second sight was miraculous. He could find that child in an hour. It would do no harm to try.

The chief agreed. Raymond came. He stood on the steps of a public building blindfolded and went into a trance. He tore off the blindfold and led the crying pack straight out into the woods. He found the little girl in a woodsman's shack, safe and happy. The show played Rutland for a fortnight as a result. No one ever knew that Harry had paid the girl's mother \$20 to pull the stunt. She never told.

"In fact," said the King of Hoaxers, "I never once knew of a single

man or woman on the inside of one of these stunts to squeal. Back of that lies the fact that you must never do anything malicious, and you must never actually injure anyone. Those on the inside of the hoax regard it as a grand practical joke, and play through like veterans in Tosca."

Once he bet Louis De Foe, the dramatic critic, that he could make a chorus girl a star in one week. He put the subject of his experiment in an East Side tenement with a desperate story about her marvelous voice brought with her from Indiana, and her jobless condition. Then he had two clients of his—Mary and Florence Nash—drive by and hear her singing. They stopped and got her. The girl cried. The cops came. The reporters came. They tried her voice. The Palace booked her at \$450 a week as the female baritone from Indiana. She was booked over the entire vaudeville circuit at \$325 a week. She sang three popular songs in such a bad voice that no one could hear her beyond the tenth row. But Harry won his bet.

He claims, likewise, the genesis of the great publicity of a picture called September Morn. He put it in a Fifth Avenue window, hired 12 kids from the East Side to stand and look at it and then telephoned Anthony Comstock, the censor of the vice society. Comstock made a great fuss; the whole country heard about it; and the owner made a fortune out of the picture.

All of these things, as you look back on them, are news. That's why the papers must print them, hoax or no. Harry Reichenback says he has pulled ten thousand stunts of greater or lesser degree. Many of them are common knowledge in the trade of a writer in New York. So I know they are true. . . . You have had the story of how he does it. And you've met one of the most remarkable characters in the world.

What Christian Liberals Are Driving At

Condensed from *The Ladies' Home Journal* (Jan. '25)

Harry Emerson Fosdick

RELIGIOUS liberalism bewilders many today who would like to understand it. Let me propose at the start three tests by which the kind of liberal whom I shall endeavor to represent can be recognized. First, he has come into his new attitudes and ways of thinking, not simply as a matter of intellectual adventure, but through the deepening of his spiritual life. It was vitality of religious life that made Paul a liberal, freeing himself from the old restraints of Jewish theology and legalism. It was vitality of religious life that made Luther a liberal, striking out for liberty that his soul might live. Such is the genesis of the best liberalism of today; it springs not from the diminution of Christian life but from the expansion of it.

Some liberalism is not of this sort. It is negative, agnostic, destructive. A woman recently came to see me who had started by being a Methodist, afterward a Christian Scientist, from there to Theosophy, later a Spiritualist, and at last accounts had no idea what she was. Such liberalism leads to thinness, not depth, to endless questions with no answers to them, and to the building of altars "To an Unknown God."

A second test of this liberal I am trying to represent is emphasis on positive convictions rather than on negative denials. Some liberals make negations their chief stock in trade. Whenever they have a chance they produce a long list of things which they no longer can believe.

How many things, for example, they disbelieve about prayer. When I observe this attitude, I am impatient. What *do* we believe about prayer? "He who rises from his knees a better man, his prayer is answered." Do we know what that means? In the too great rush of our turbulent lives, do we know the secret of praying which enables us to get a new grip on ourselves, to see a new perspective around our work, to let the healing influence of the Spirit restore our souls? Are we experiencing those victories of faith over ourselves and our circumstances which always are the accompaniment of a vital and praying religion? What we do not believe about prayer probably gets us nowhere; what we do positively believe may get us a long way.

In every aspect of religion this holds true. We cannot live upon negations. Life is too complex, too full of mystery; temptations assail too furiously. We live only on the basis of our convictions, and from religious teachers in particular we need above all else to hear what positively they do believe.

One more test of the effective Christian liberal remains: He is sacrificially in earnest about establishing God's will in the earth. Some liberalism does not move in that realm at all. It is an intellectual excursion without moral consecration. It is a set of up-to-date opinions in theology which can be defended as a smart pose. The necessary business of reforming Christianity, however, to which liberalism

has set itself, is too serious for any dilettante attitude to effect.

Christianity certainly does need to be reformed. Nearly one-third the population of the globe is nominally Christian. What if they were really Christians? Some forty million people in the United States are nominally Christian. What if their Christianity were vital, intelligent, effective? There is no cause on earth for which one who cares about the future of mankind could better pray and work than for the reformation of Christianity, and it is this that the liberals are driving at. But it can be achieved by no mere holding of up-to-date opinions. It is going to take spiritual insight, sacrificial patience, constructive statesmanship to recover the essential principles of Jesus, make them dominant in the church and in the world. The progressive in religion may well test himself at this point. With his new opinions, is he being made into a more devoted, efficient, constructive builder of a Christian civilization?

These, I think, are the three tests of effective Christian liberalism. Now, let me try to group the major aims and motives of the liberals under two heads.

For one thing, liberals undoubtedly wish to modernize Christianity's expression of its faith. The Protestant Reformation was a valiant stroke for liberty, but it occurred before the most characteristic ideas of our modern age had arrived. The Augsburg Confession is a memorable document, but the Lutherans who framed it never had dreamed that they were even living on a moving planet. The Westminster Confession is a notable achievement in the development of Christian thought, but it was written 40 years before Newton published his work on the law of gravitation. Protestantism, that is, was formulated in pre-scientific days. Not one of its historic statements of faith takes into account any of the masterful ideas

which constitute the framework of modern thinking.

If this problem were merely an intellectual matter the liberals would not be so much in earnest about it. What makes it pressing and unescapable is its vital import; it is a matter of life and death to the faith of increasing multitudes of people. Our children are going to schools and colleges where scientific methods of thinking are taken for granted; and the most ruinous blow that can be struck against the faith of our youth is to make them choose between scientific thinking and the Gospel.

The colleges are often blamed for upsetting the religious security of our young men and women. Any one who knows the colleges will not be tempted to relieve them altogether from the burden of that charge. But as one deals with young men and women religiously upset, one must often blame their unsettlement not so much upon the colleges as upon Christian churches and Sunday schools, upon religious agencies which taught these young people in the beginning that the Christian Gospel is indissolubly associated with the pre-scientific view of the world in the Scriptures or the creeds.

No more sacred obligation rests upon ministers, teachers, fathers and mothers in this generation than to give children from the first a type of Christianity that will not have to be unlearned.

To be sure, the process of rethinking the mental setting of our faith in terms that will take into account our new science, our new methods of historical study, our new acquaintance with other religions, does have disturbing aspects to many people. But the liberal is persuaded of two things: First, that Marcus Dods, the stalwart Scotch Presbyterian was right when he said, "The man who refuses to face facts doesn't believe in God"; and, second, that the Bible, seen in the new light, is in the end

a more vital and useful and inspiring book than it was under the old regime. For while thought forms do change, whether in the first century, the sixteenth, or the twentieth, the abiding experiences of the soul do not change, and the Bible supremely springs from and ministers to that permanent realm of spiritual life.

Many popular pictures of liberalism, therefore, are sheer caricatures. Liberalism is not primarily a set of opinions; it is a spirit of free inquiry which wishes to face the new facts, accept whatever is true, and state the abiding principles of Christian faith in cogent and contemporary terms. Liberals differ about innumerable details. Some believe in the virgin birth and some do not; some would state the atonement one way and some another. But their agreement is deep and essential; they believe in the central affirmations of Christianity, the sovereign God, the divine Christ, the indwelling Spirit, forgiveness, spiritual renewal, the coming victory of righteousness on earth, the life everlasting. Such abiding convictions of Christian faith they count so precious that they are desperately concerned lest the modern ages should lose them, and they are sure that the modern age will lose them unless we are able to state them in terms of thought which modern minds can use.

Liberalism is not a negative movement; it is a positive campaign to maintain vital religion in the face of the materialistic and paganizing influences of our time. If we are to persuade this younger generation we must make Christianity intelligible to people of the twentieth century, as our Protestant forefathers made their Christianity intelligible to people of the sixteenth century. Were Luther, Calvin, John Knox here now, that is precisely what they would be doing. It seems to us alike absurd and perilous to insist that religion alone, among vital human interests, cannot rephrase itself in new ways of thought.

The second liberal aim is to put first things first in religion, to subordinate the details of ritual, creed, and church to the major objects of Christianity—the creation of personal character and social righteousness. At the very center of liberalism, as I understand it, is the conviction that nothing fundamentally matters in religion except those things which create private and public goodness. The reason why most of our theological controversies are idle beating of the air is that whichever side wins makes no difference to character. Three elements of Christianity—ritual, doctrine, and church—have repeatedly usurped the place which private and public righteousness ought to occupy as the one supreme matter with which Christianity is concerned.

This does not mean that ritual is unimportant in religion. Religion must have not only goodness and truth, but beauty. Nevertheless, a peril lurks in all ritualism—the supposition, namely, that the Lord God of this infinite universe cares anything about our meticulous performance of a ceremony, if it does not issue in private and public righteousness.

Nor does the liberal Christian belittle doctrine. A real creed, a controlling vision of what this earth and what life means, which occupies the imagination and affects the life, is enormously important. If by doctrine one means this vital outlook on life, then the need of the church is not for less doctrine but for more—more clear-cut, luminous, intelligible teaching about God, the Scriptures, the soul, the meaning of life and immortality.

Only, there is an omnipresent danger in emphasis on doctrine. Doctrine in time is petrified into dogma. It is officially formulated. Then there is an ecclesiastical type of mind ready to use it, no longer as an inspiring elucidation of the convictions by which men really live,

but as a mold into which men's thinking must be exactly run.

Furthermore, the liberal certainly does not undervalue the church. . . . Nevertheless, the pathos of Christian history lies in the way the church has so often misrepresented and obstructed vital Christianity. Our multiplied and meaningless denominations are doing that today.

This sort of thing is bad enough in America. It is matter for tears in the missionary field. In spite of all the fine cooperations that have been wrought out, disheartening exhibitions of denominationalism still stare at a visitor in missionary lands.

A liberal, therefore, in his emphasis is utterly careless of sectarian distinctions. He is by conviction and ideal an interdenominationalist.

He deplores our divided Protestantism as a sin against God and against man. He is convinced that nothing matters in any church except those few vital and transforming faiths and principles of the Gospel, common to all churches, which do create personal character and social progress.

To put the matter in another way, the liberal sees that much of so-called Christianity today is deflecting the attention of people from the real problems of the generation. The hardest thing for me personally to stand in this religious controversy now waging has been its effect on many of our best youth. The atti-

tude of many of them is as though they said: "Look at the questions over which the church is fighting—the inerrancy of ancient documents, the credibility of this or that event two thousand years past, the literal or loose acceptance of confessions of faith written by men like ourselves centuries ago, or apostolic succession and the administration of the sacraments. These are not the real problems on which the weal or woe of humanity for centuries depends. If the church with unanimous enterprise were seeking to make Jesus Christ and all that he represents dominant in the personal and social life of men, that would be great business, and we should want to be Christians."

The determined desire of the liberals is to meet that charge by an adequate reformation of current religion which passes under the name of Christianity, but often does not deserve it. Jesus Christ is to us the best gift of God to men, and the vital acceptance of him and his message is the door into richness of life for the individual and into progressive welfare for society. To make his faiths and ideals controlling in men's lives seems to us the supreme task, as its consummation would be the supreme salvation. Nothing else centrally matters except that; everything else that matters at all gains its importance only as it contributes to that.

PERMANENT BINDERS FOR THE DIGEST

Buckram binders, holding twelve copies of *The Reader's Digest*, are sold at cost price, \$1.50 post paid.

Each issue of the *Digest* is of lasting interest; preserve your copies for future reference and enjoyment.

Just What Is the World Court?

Condensed from The Review of Reviews (Jan. '25)

Judson C. Welliver

THE United States has participated in 71 international arbitrations, some of them of major importance. But there is a wide difference between arbitration and adjudication. Arbitration is likely to end in compromises which may substantially defeat justice. Suppose, for illustration, that Canada should claim 1,000 square miles of the State of Maine. If the claim were arbitrated, the American and British arbitrators would inevitably become mere advocates in behalf of their respective countries, each seeking to convince the third arbitrator. The third arbitrator might propose a compromise.

On the other hand, if the same controversy had been submitted to a Court of Justice, it would be decided by the application of established principles of law to the facts. The United States would get a verdict for its entire claim. Arbitrations have served usefully in many cases, but the tendency to compromises in which justice is sacrificed, is proved by much experience. Consequently, in recent times there has been increasing desire for creation of a competent international court. The United States has been a pioneer in urging this procedure. [See "The World Court—An American Ideal," Reader's Digest, April, 1924.] The American delegates at the first Hague Conference in 1899 were instructed to seek establishment of such a court. The conference set up, instead, a Permanent Court of Arbitration. It was in fact not a court at all. A panel of arbiters was provided, from which adhering members might nominate representatives in arbitration.

There has been much debate as to whether, if a real Court had been established in 1907, at the second Hague Conference, the World War could have been prevented. Probably not. But if such a Court had been set up after the Napoleonic wars, it would probably have established in the succeeding century such a body of international law and procedure as would have made it possible to prevent the World War. If a World Court with a century of traditions behind it had been in existence, it would probably have established in the public mind a prejudice in favor of negotiation, adjudication, and common sense, that would have made the conflict impossible.

To Mr. Root's ingenuity is due the removal of the obstacle that in 1907 had prevented establishment of the Court. He proposed a method of selecting judges upon which agreement proved possible.

It is through this mode of choosing judges that the Court is related to both the Permanent Court of Arbitration and the League of Nations. All the civilized nations of the world have become members of the Court of Arbitration. This membership entitles each nation to nominate not exceeding four persons who may serve as arbitrators. So this body represents the entire group of nations. Mr. Root proposed that these arbitrators should nominate candidates for judges of the Permanent Court of International Justice. Each national group is required to name four candidates, only two of whom may be of its own nationality. This list of nominees is then laid before the Council and the Assembly of the

League of Nations. The final elections of judges are made by these two bodies, voting separately. The 11 persons receiving the highest number of votes are elected; and then four others are chosen as deputy judges, to sit in case any of the regular judges may be unable to do so.

The present 11 judges are citizens of 11 countries: Holland, France, Spain, Italy, Brazil, Cuba, England, Switzerland, the United States, Denmark, Japan. The salaries of the judges, paid from the League of Nations funds, are approximately 6,000, besides per diem allowances when in actual service, aggregating possibly another \$6,000 annually. The judges are chosen for a term of nine years.

[Mr. Welliver leaves no doubt as to the very high character of the Court by giving briefly the personal record of each of the 11 men who now compose it.]

The underlying statute of the Court, although prepared as a result of the initiative of the League of Nations, was framed by an independent committee of jurists, one of whose most influential members was Mr. Root, although the United States is not in the League. Membership in the League does not make a nation an adherent of the Court; and non-membership in the League does not bar from resort to the Court. It is true, however, that the actual election of judges is by the Council and Assembly of the League. But in conducting the election the Council and Assembly act, not under the authority of the League of Nations Covenant, but under the fundamental statute of the Court; which fundamental statute has been adopted by the nations altogether independently of their adhesion to the League.

Both Secretary Hughes and President Harding, and later President Coolidge, have expressed the confident opinion that the Court statute could be amended to allow the United States to send its representa-

tives to the Council and Assembly to participate in elections, with other nations. Accordingly they have asked that in giving consent to our adhesion to the Court statute, the Senate should specifically declare that this did not involve us in any relation to the League or any obligations under it.

Most of the nations have associated themselves with the Court. The only considerable powers not adhering are the United States, Germany, Russia, Turkey, and Mexico. Nevertheless, Germany has resorted to the Court in one quite important case. The decision was against Germany, and was promptly accepted. The case furnished illustration of one ingenious aspect of the Court plan. The statute provides that if two nations bring a case to the Court, and one of them has one of its nationals a member of the Court while the other is not so represented, then, in order to place them on precise equality, a special judge shall be appointed for this case, who shall be a national of the country that would otherwise be unrepresented.

Forty-seven nations have accepted the Court. Only 21 of these, however, have accepted what is called the optional clause giving the Court compulsory jurisdiction. Not one of the so-called great powers has assented to compulsory jurisdiction. It is quite well understood that the United States, if it gives adhesion, will not accept compulsory jurisdiction.

Some of the Court's critics have insisted that until the great powers acknowledge compulsory jurisdiction, the tribunal would be of little weight for prevention of war. The other side has urged that the beginning made is already a good one, and that as the Court shall from time to time demonstrate its efficiency, the tendency will be for more nations to accept compulsory jurisdiction, and thus the Court will grow in authority to prevent war.

Three Thousand Fathoms Deep

Condensed from The Saturday Evening Post (Jan. 3, '25)

Kingsley Moses

A DEEP-SEA cable is only an inch in diameter. It is perhaps three miles below the surface of the sea, held down by the pressure of thousands of tons of water. Currents may have carried it miles from the original course it should have followed. How, then, is it possible for the cable ship to pick up and repair the cable? And how is it possible to guess just where the trouble lies?

Actually, no cable since the first unfortunate experiment of 1858 has ever been abandoned through failure to discover the fault which has interrupted communication from land to land. The proceeding may be thus explained:

At the ends of the cable are shore stations. And among the many delicate instruments in these stations is one bit of mechanism which will determine with extraordinary exactness the resistance of any length of the whole cable. If, for example, the cable is 2,328 miles long and the resistance per mile is known to be two ohms, then the total resistance of the whole cable is calculated at 4,656 ohms. But suppose the cable when tested at the New York end shows a resistance of only 3,212 ohms. It is then known that the break lies 1,606 miles from New York. Out then, over the route on the chart which has been carefully recorded by the ship that originally laid the cable, the repair ship starts to grapple for that black thread along the ocean's bottom.

Once arrived at the indicated spot, the crew of the cable ship commences its extraordinary fishing operations, with a fish line of massive chains, a hook heavier than a man, a catch

two thousand miles long and worth two or three million dollars! Back and forth across the line where the cable was originally laid the cable ship steams slowly. The grapnel chain, running through a comparatively simple apparatus known as the dynamometer, will show an even amount of strain so long as the great five-pronged hook meets no obstruction. But once the hook bites on to the cable the dynamometer naturally shows an increase in pressure. Instantly the ship is stopped, the fish-line is fastened to the ship's winches, and the grapnel is slowly heaved in over the bow. Four times out of five the fault is quickly spotted, the bad section lopped off and a new section spliced in. But occasionally a cable ship, pitched about on stormy seas, foiled by unknown currents or perplexed by the grapnels jerking over a rocky bottom, may angle emptily for five or six months before the great black snake is ultimately heaved to the surface.

Fortunately, however, comparatively few of the breaks occur in very deep water. A cable may snap in the laying, as was the case when the famous Great Eastern lost her cable in 1865. By fatal ill-hap a sinking ship may smash the line beneath it. Most often in the past the cable has failed through the operations of an aquatic worm called the teredo. These worms used to be found only in comparatively shallow waters; but, becoming acclimated, they now penetrate to depths of many hundred fathoms.

Generally the breaks occur in the shallower water near the shore, where the cable is subjected not only to chafing against rocks by the ebb

and flow of the tide, but to countless other accidents. One of the lines running to Alaska was found with the decomposed carcass of a whale hopelessly snarled in its coils. Another cable in tropic waters was found useless, with several shark teeth embedded in it. Icebergs in the north are also a constant menace; no cable can long withstand the grinding and crushing of a vast mountain of ice when, melting, it settles down on the shoals.

More commonly disastrous are the anchors of fishing vessels. In all rivers and harbors the cable landings are conspicuously designated, "Cable Crossing; Do Not Anchor." A steamship had suddenly to drop anchor in the East River to avoid collision, and incidentally pulled up most of the telegraph and telephone cables between Manhattan and Brooklyn.

On August 23, 1850, the first submarine cable line was laid between England and France. The international excitement was intense. But, alas, a few days later a French fisherman hooked up an extraordinary object, into which he promptly chopped with his knife. Upon discovering the bright copper core his surmise that it might be gold so inspired him that he hacked off all he could carry and sailed home in triumph.

Despite this sorry fate of the first cable, the principle of submarine telegraphy had been demonstrated as successful; and since 1850 more than 450,000 miles of cable—enough to circle the world 17 times—has been laid on the ocean's floor.

The largest cable ship is the *Colonia*, upon which the writer recently traveled during the laying of the New York-Azores cable. Her tanks can carry nearly 4,000 nautical miles of cable. To visualize the make-up of the deep-sea cable, the illustration of an ordinary lead pencil

wrapped in string will give a roughly accurate model. Corresponding to the lead in the pencil is the copper conductor. The gutta-percha which covers the copper conductor corresponds to the wood of the pencil; and the strip of brass which covers the gutta-percha—used only as a protection against the teredo—resembles the varnish with which the lead pencil is enameled. Then outside this brass tape of the cable come the armoring wires to strengthen the cable. Toward land, the cable lies in shallow water, and must consequently be far more heavily armored, to the size, indeed, of a large python. . . .

Despite much contention to the contrary, the cable does sink to the bottom of the sea. Since water is inelastic for all practical purposes, the density of the water at great depths is substantially the same as at the surface, in spite of the enormous pressure. Anything that is heavier than water at the surface is heavy enough, therefore, to sink to the bottom. And it is fortunate that the cable does sink; for if great loops of it had a tendency to hang from hill to hill of the ocean's bottom the chafing and strain would soon destroy the insulation.

In laying a cable extraordinary holes and towering submarine peaks are usually avoided. The *Colonia*, on her recent trip, for instance, found that her course lay directly over the summit of a great hump which soundings had proved to rise 7,000 feet from the level of the sea about it. It is to avoid such undesirable contours that the practice has long obtained of making a very reliable chart of the bottom of the sea over which the cable is to be laid. Off the island of Guam a depth has been found of more than five sea miles—a point which is farther below the surface of the water than the as yet unconquered pinnacle of Mount Everest rises above sea level.

When Do I Go to Jail?

Condensed from Hearst's International (Dec. '24)

Norman Hapgood, Editor of Hearst's International

A poster is to be seen in many libraries throughout the country directing attention to ten outstanding magazine articles of the month. These articles are selected by a special Advisory Council composed of Dorsey W. Hyde, Jr., and Dr. Arthur E. Bostwick. The following article was included in the list for December.

I HAVE not been in jail yet, but I may get there some day. If I am accused of any ordinary crime I shall be tried by 12 impartial men. But for the crime I shall commit there will be no such protection. The person against whom I commit the offense will have me arrested. He will hear all the witnesses. He will render the decision in his own case.

To my feelings this is a bitter outrage. It is giving up what our ancestors fought for in 1775, and what the English had been fighting for since before the time they cut off the head of Charles the First. Despotism is despotism, whether it is inflicted by a king or by an aristocrat in robes calling himself a judge.

A wise man named Thomas Jefferson wrote the Declaration of Independence. In it he scolded the crazy king named George for taking away this right to be tried by 12 men. He wouldn't let George do it. After the war he and his friends fixed up a Constitution, in which they asserted that this right not to be arrested and convicted and judged by one man should never be taken away.

Their thoughts, just then, were much on a certain yellow journalist who had a fight with George on the

other side of the water. John Wilkes was strong on liberty and courage. The plain citizens of London elected him to Parliament. Parliament said he was guilty of seditious libels written against George, and expelled him. He was thrown into jail. But the plain citizens elected him to Parliament again and again. Also they made him Lord Mayor of London. Parliament and the King finally became afraid of the public and had to accept Wilkes as a member of Parliament. It was established that he could not be held guilty of seditious libel. Neither king nor cabinet could do it; neither Parliament nor judge.

That was a very great thing to decide. It was one of the outstanding victories in the slow effort of man against enslavement. It was about free speech, and it helped stir up the men through whom our great Declaration attacks George "for depriving us in many cases of the benefit of trial by jury."

The first amendment to the Constitution says that Congress shall make no law lessening freedom of speech or of the press, and the sixth amendment safeguards the right to a speedy and public trial by an impartial jury.

I was arrested and tried once for accusing a weekly newspaper of blackmail. But this is a much more serious offense I am committing now, of accusing our judges of usurping power and taking away liberty, which is dear to the heart of man, or ought to be.

A judge is a person who has spent his life with gentlemen and ladies, and seldom drops in for supper with laboring men or spends many hours

taking care of the laboring woman's baby. In disputes between capital and labor his sympathies are with capital. If he can seize new power, therefore, capital scores over labor. If he decides on the facts, instead of letting a jury do it, the facts will be interpreted as they appear to one man from a dinner party, not as they appear to 12 average citizens from all walks of life.

When a judge arrests a journalist and tries him despotically it is practically always when the journalist has taken part in a contest between capital and labor. And no journalist is ever oppressed by a judge for taking the side of capital.

Let me remind you of a case that happened in 1923, where the man whom the judge tried to imprison was neither a journalist nor a labor leader. He was an official elected by the people to watch after some of their investments. He was controller of the great city of New York. The people of that city have invested about \$375,000,000 in subways. At a certain time all the transportation companies asked permission to charge more for rides. If the board in control of these matters had granted all the applications it would have cost the strap-hangers about \$100,000,000 a year more to ride than it does now.

Mr. Craig, the controller, said that some information was being held back. He thought the people ought to have this information. The receiver for the subways happened also to be a judge. He called no jury to pass on the guiltiness of Craig. He decided by himself all about it and sentenced him to jail. It was much like the House of Commons and John Wilkes. But behold, what a power publicity is! There was a great noise made about the case of Craig. The newspapers reminded people of their liberties. There was so much commotion that our good rulers feared the sane and orderly course of events might be interrupted. So they induced Presi-

dent Coolidge to come to the rescue. He pardoned Mr. Craig, the Judge did not have his way, and we missed a case that might have led the people to assert themselves, even as the people of London did 150 years ago.

But usually the people are quiet and humble when the judges appoint themselves dictators. You may remember that Mr. Harry Daugherty, through a judge, interfered in the great shopmen's strike of 1922. Four hundred thousand men, representing in their families some two million poor people, thought they were not being justly treated. At that time the Labor Department at Washington was telling us that the lowest standard of living in comfort could not be had by a family for less than \$2,300 a year. Even skilled workmen had been getting \$1,921.92 a year or \$400 less than the government minimum of comfort. They were to be reduced still further below it, to \$1,747.20. They went on strike.

The strikers resented and feared the entire wage policy of the Railroad Labor Board. This board set a minimum rate of \$600 a year for unskilled workers and \$800 a year for section men.

Mr. Daugherty's sympathies were on the other side. He went to Chicago about the time this injunction was issued in Chicago by Judge Wilkerson. Maybe you would like to read one of these things and see what it would mean to you if you were on strike. Here is a piece of it:

... enjoined and restrained from inducing or attempting to induce by the use of threats, violent language, entreaties, argument, persuasion, rewards, or otherwise, any person or persons to abandon the employment of said railway companies . . . in any manner, by letters, printed or other circulars, telephones, word of mouth, oral persuasion, in newspapers or otherwise in any manner whatsoever, encourage, direct or command any person to abandon the employment of said railway companies . . . using the funds or monies of said labor organization to aid in or to promote or encourage the doing of any of the matters or things hereinbefore complained of.

Some newspapers, in whom the spirit of Wilkes still lives, became cross over this kingly proceeding by Daugherty and the Chicago judge. . . . The editor and publisher of the Memphis Press were both arrested because their paper had defended, with some heat, another editor, Cohen of the Labor Review, who had been arrested and punished for his comments on the Daugherty injunction. The Memphis paper said: "No doubt Editor Cohen is one of those old-fashioned souls who believes that there is something real in those words the Constitution contains about free speech and free press."

My nephew has been arrested by a judge in Pennsylvania for taking part in the effort of the mine workers to better their condition. It happens that this nephew is a mild young man, very reasonable, entirely honest, and opposed to the use of force. When he graduated from Harvard he became a common laborer because he did not like to see a fixed division between classes. When the strike came in Pennsylvania, in 1923, he was called out of the mines to help take care of the women and children and to state the case of the miners to the strike-breakers. But he certainly never most remotely threatened violence. He merely tried to explain to these strike-breakers what they were doing to hold back the welfare of other working men.

The judge helped considerably to break the strike. It is because the judges are ceasing to be judges and becoming actors in labor struggles that there is so much bitterness against them in labor circles.

Now let us forget any special case or judge and look at the general truth. In these labor cases the judge does not see what actually happens. He just hears about it. He decides

whether or not the thugs employed by the capitalists helped stir up the trouble, and he practically always decides that they did not. The lawyer for the capitalist goes to see the judge, alone, and asks for an injunction. There is no lawyer present for the laboring man.

The lawyer for the capitalist comes back after a while and tells the judge that Jacob Grey, a laboring man on strike, has disobeyed the injunction by looking crossly at Alfred Peters as Peters was on his way to work. The judge calls no jury to decide whether Grey did look crossly at Peters or whether said cross looks amounted to intimidation. A fracas resulted, in any case, and private detectives, hired by the capitalists, took part. No jury decides whether they really caused the trouble. The judge decides all that. After talking with the lawyer for the capitalist he summons the labor leader or picket before him, passes on the evidence himself, and claps the working-man into jail for contempt.

At the club the judge is congratulated. He is told that things would be in a bad state if it were not for strong men like him. Also the wives and daughters of the mine-owners, whom he meets at dinner, admire him.

To these people strikers are morons, criminals and loafers. They are not heroically doing the work of human progress, suffering and letting their families suffer for the welfare of their kind. They are nuisances, and any despotic suppression of their cause is hailed as patriotism.

I know how it is because I used to be in the Bourbon class myself. I remember how I glowed with enthusiasm when Cleveland and Olney pulled the injunction on the great Pullman strike that had everybody

excited when I was just out of law school. Eugene Debs was in that strike. Then I thought he was a wrecker.

Today, although I am no Socialist, I think he is a saint. The court allowed no jury in that Pullman case and it sentenced Debs and others to jail. It stepped in to load the dice for capital, and capital had a usurping judge to thank for a signal victory.

The charges that these proceedings are taking away our liberty were thus summed up by Mr. Justice Brandeis in a dissenting opinion in the Supreme Court:

"It was asserted that, in these proceedings, an alleged danger to property, always incidental and at times insignificant, was often laid hold of to enable the penalties of the criminal law to be enforced expeditiously without the protection to the liberty of the individual which the Bill of Rights was designed to afford; that through such proceedings a single judge often usurped the functions not only of the jury, but of the police department; that, in prescribing the conditions under which strikes were permissible and how they might be carried out, he usurped also the powers of the legislature; and that, incidentally, he abridged the constitutional rights of individuals to free speech, to a free press, and to peaceful assembly."

Not all the cases of judges interfering with freedom are economic. In Miami, Florida, not long ago some politicians were trying to have a primary election declared void and to prevent the issue of ballots having on them the names of certain candidates. The editor of a newspaper criticized the court proceedings and also the judge. He said, for example: "During strikes the

power of injunction has been twisted from the protection of property rights until it has been successfully turned into 'Government by Injunction.' However, it remained for the absentee Capitalistic forces to go a step further in the application of this judicial power which ought rarely to be invoked." . . . The judge ordered the arrest of both the editor and the owner.

These arrests, fines and imprisonments by a judge, acting all by himself, are a vicious extension of what is known as punishment for contempt of court. The proper meaning of the right of a judge to punish for contempt is to keep order in his court-room.

Also the injunction is useful to society in its proper place. An injunction, as you have guessed, is an order from a court telling you not to do something. If you start to build a sausage factory on a lot next to my house in spite of a contract in your deed not to do it, I might get an injunction, or order, telling you not to do it.

If you act in spite of the injunction you are in contempt of court. You can be punished by a jury, which is normal and wholesome; or by another judge than the one who issued the injunction, which is bad also but perhaps endurable in some cases; or by the same judge who issued the injunction, he thus sitting on his own case, which is bare-faced outrage.

I could go on forever citing cases, but they are all like those I have used as illustrations. I know not whether I have succeeded in making you angry. Some people are not jealous of their liberty. Daniel Webster tells us that with our forefathers it was not so.

Those who conquered independence prized it. . . . Do we?

Our Pied Piper of Parks

Condensed from *The Nation's Business* (Dec. '24)

Frederick Simpich

IN Chicago, in 1914, Franklin K. Lane said to a borax baron named Stephen T. Mather, "Steve, you're drafted into Uncle Sam's service. So drop your borax pick, and turn loose your mule teams. Henceforth, your task is to take our national parks out of politics and put them on a business basis. What this job lacks in salary, it'll make up in excitement."

"Why should our tourist armies scatter all their millions overseas? If the Swiss can take a sunrise, some goat tracks in the snow, and a bunch of bare-kneed tenor guides and yodel their high-priced hotels full of Yankee tourists every year, why can't we learn to cash in on our own fine scenery that so few Americans ever see?"

Mather and Lane had been classmates at the University of California. After graduation, Mather went to New York and was a newspaper reporter for five years, writing trade and business news. Incidentally, he saw how the borax trust could sell a whole lot more borax. He drew up a plan for multiplying sales about three times; the borax trust adopted it, and sent Mather to Chicago to sell the world more borax. He did. And later, he went into the borax business on his own hook.

Born in the West, Mather had always gone back to it in vacation time. He came to know every nook and cranny of the national parks. As a friend remarked, "He became as familiar with the national parks as though he had laid them out. He knew more about the parks than any other person."

That's why Lane brought his old classmate to Washington, as his as-

sistant, to whip some real system into our then misnamed "Park System."

It was a fine mess. Though park affairs were nominally handled by the Department of the Interior, no special bureau nor any particular official was charged with the job. Again, each park was handled separately. If one park had too many bears or buffalo there was no possible way by which this surplus menagerie could be transferred to another less populous park where eager tourists pined in vain for even a glimpse of one of these creatures. It was so with park employees. They could not be transferred from one park to another; nor was there any way to transfer supplies and equipment to the park where most needed.

Mather's first step was to plan a National Park Service, uniting the then 12 parks and 18 national monuments into one system, under a central administration. Since then, due to Mather's tireless efforts, seven parks and eight more monuments have been added, giving the Park Service jurisdiction over 13,190 square miles of territory.

These parks are everyman's playground, Mather insists. One of his first big aims has been to make them easily accessible to those of small means; hence, one of his first steps was to open the Yellowstone to motor traffic.

To put more people through the parks, Mather early saw that more and better roads were needed. Today one of the most popular of all motor trips is from Lake Tahoe to the Yosemite. But when Mather started his work he found this road

was owned by a mining company. And Congress wouldn't buy the road! Mather joined with another park lover, the two bought the road for \$15,000 and quietly gave it to Uncle Sam. It was the same way when the Yosemite rangers needed a new club house. Mysteriously, the new club house went up. On Christmas Eve the rangers, frolicking about their Christmas tree, found an envelope containing a deed, wherein one Mather conveyed a new club house to park employees.

But don't expect Mather to tell you about these things. When it comes to talking about himself, this nature-loving Park Director is about as garrulous as a deaf and dumb Quaker with the tonsillitis.

The year before Mather took this job, park tourists numbered only 235,000; last season they numbered 1,493,712. Over 60 per cent of these visitors drove through in their own cars. How did he get such results?

First, by *advertising*, using the same lively methods that have made Nice, Monte Carlo and Ostend famous. Each season, additional tens of thousands are being educated to vacation in the parks. This year, in answer to inquiries, Mather's office mailed over half a million pieces of printed matter.

Next, Mather turned all hotel, camp, transport and other such park enterprises over to private business operators. He took government clear out of this business, yet kept supervision of it, and so fixed it that a fair share of all profits accrue to Uncle Sam. In return for these permits, the government is paid by a flat percentage of the gross receipts. Under this plan, private operators have invested about \$14,000,000 in providing park utilities for the use of tourists.

Then, roads. Mather knew that he must have smooth roads that would make the scenery easy to see. For a small fee, those who come in their

own cars simply drive in. To handle the thousands who arrive by train, reliable concerns are licensed to operate cars and busses at fixed fares. If one finds the big hotels too high-priced, he can go to the camps, sleep in a tent and eat in a cafeteria. Or, if he prefers, he can camp at the big public camping grounds that are provided free.

Undoubtedly, one of the chief reasons for Mather's success lies in his ability to pick men. Only the fit survive in his company. No other government staff assays more efficiency than the park service. It took big brains to sell America's borax output; but it takes more to move this myriad tourist army happily and comfortably through these rough, wild regions.

Mather says: "I have worked towards putting the parks on a self-sustaining basis. It is only fair that those who use the parks should pay a part of their upkeep. In the fiscal year 1924, the revenue from the parks was \$663,886. In five years, I think the parks should be returning a revenue of a million dollars a year.

"The government, in the operation of its big park camps, has become a great resort keeper, for the number of visitors bringing their own equipment and 'camping out' far exceeds the number who use the hotels and permanent camps. Yet these latter enterprises have vastly expanded to meet their growing business.

"The parks have inestimable value as melting pots. In the evenings, about the camp fires, you will meet people from the four points of the compass, and from all walks of life. This mingling, on a common footing in a spot of great natural beauty in which all claim common ownership, is bound to result in broader minds and better citizenship, in happier outdoor life and better Americans."

It was a lucky day for you and me when Lane told Mather to drop his borax pick.

Scientific Notes

A Million Words in a Square Inch

An invention tested by the United States Bureau of Standards has been perfected that will engrave letters so small that in the space of one square inch the inventor, Alfred McEwen, claims he could write 80 complete copies of the Bible. The inventor intends his process to be applied particularly to the transmission of secret documents during wartime. A suspected messenger could carry written communications of unlimited length engraved on the surface of a button, or hidden in a tiny corner of his eye-glasses. Imagine a metal button composed of two parts soldered together. On the inside of one of those parts a message longer than the complete works of Shakespeare could be engraved.—Current Opinion.

Splitting Seconds Into a Billion Parts

Professor Paul Heymans and his assistant, N. H. Frank, of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, have succeeded in measuring intervals of time down to one billionth of a second. Important applications of this laboratory achievement are possible and the eventual effect upon industrial science will no doubt be enormous, on account of the crudeness of the devices by which time is now measured.—Current Opinion.

The Latest Eastman Triumph

The cine-kodak is a compact, entirely fool-proof motion-picture camera for amateurs. This little machine, representing five years of research in the Eastman laboratories, has at last fulfilled the dream of "movies in the home." Anybody who can read a set of simple instructions can make perfect motion pictures with it. It is not necessary to print the film, for an ingenious

process was recently developed whereby a negative film can be reversed and turned into a positive ready for projection. Without this process, the cost of making motion pictures undoubtedly would be prohibitive for the ordinary amateur. Now, any one can chronicle the development of his children, record his vacations, picturize any event he may wish in motion pictures that he can see in his own living-room whenever he wishes, and that are equal in quality to those shown in the best theatres. And he can do all this at the cost of a few theater tickets.—Popular Science Monthly.

Pulverized Fuel

Within the past year or two those who maintain an interest in the more important advances which are made from time to time by industry and engineering have heard occasional mention of a new technique—the burning in many of the Nation's largest power houses of finely powdered coal for fuel. Here, indeed, is something decidedly significant. For it is permitting us to capture more of the latent energy that is contained in our coal than we have been capturing; also because it is bringing into practical commercial use some extremely inferior varieties of coal which we have heretofore had to throw away.

The principle is simple. As the coal arrives in coal cars it is pulverized in a machine. This machine reduces every ounce of millions of tons to a black dust, most of which is as fine as talcum powder and as light in weight as flour. This powder is conveyed to the boilers through long pipes by means of air blasts steadily maintained. Here it is mixed with the proper proportion of air necessary to cause its most effi-

cient combustion, and is steadily conducted through nozzles into the fire space just as gas would be.

When coal is burned in this form, its combustion is very complete. Again, the facility with which the volume of flame may be changed simply by changing the feed of coal powder permits a more economical adjustment to the fluctuating demands for electricity, than is possible with the type of coal fire with which we are all familiar. Best of all, it permits the use of a wide range of coal qualities from week to week. This is most important, for industrial consumers of coal find it difficult to get uniformly good deliveries.—The Outlook.

Sherlock Holmes Outdone by New Science

In the office of the Prefect of Police in Toulon, France, not long ago, sat the owner of a cafe suspected of counterfeiting. Vainly the police sought to make him confess. The man denied everything, and at last the prefect gave a sign that the questioning was at an end.

"Before you depart, though," he said to the man, "our physician will examine you. Merely a little precaution in the interest of public health."

Two days later the police again took him in custody, for they had evidence that eventually resulted in his conviction. He himself had unwittingly supplied it, in a tiny specimen of wax which the physician had taken from his ear!

This bit of wax had been forwarded to Dr. Edmond Locard, director of the police technical laboratory at Lyons, who had photographically enlarged it with his microscopic camera, a device of his own invention, which has proved of incalculable aid to the police in unraveling some of the most mysterious crimes that have occurred recently in France. Magni-

fied 50,000 times the speck of wax showed telltale streaks of printer's ink, particles of dust readily identified as from a lithographic stone, and traces of characteristic crystals of a chemical used by engravers, undeniable evidence that the prisoner's story was a fabrication.

An even more dramatic use of the microscopic camera sent to the gullotine a young Lyons bank clerk for the murder of his sweetheart. This young woman was found strangled in her apartment. The bank clerk, arrested, established what seemed to be a complete alibi.

Doctor Locard examined the body of the murdered girl, and discovered several small scratches on her neck, made by the finger nails of the murderer. Next he obtained a specimen of dirt from beneath the prisoner's fingernails. When this dirt was photographed under the microscope, exceedingly minute bits of torn flesh were disclosed. Also, there were blood corpuscles. There were also small crystals, which Doctor Locard established as those of the face powder habitually used by the murdered girl.

In a recent murder case, the microscopic camera supplied virtually the only evidence against a prisoner—sufficient evidence to convict him. This was a stabbing case, and the police had little to connect the prisoner with it, and the suspect offered a complete alibi. When all other efforts failed, Doctor Locard suggested that the hands of the prisoner be photographed under the microscope. When the plate was developed, lodged in the pores of the fingers were found traces of blood from the victim's body. The prisoner had washed his hands, but, enlarged 50,000 times, the tips of his fingers yielded the unmistakable evidence that convicted him.—Popular Science Monthly.

What To Do Till the Butler Comes

Condensed from *McNaught's Monthly* (Jan. '25)

Robert L. Duffus

I DESIRE to call attention to a phenomenon which deserves the scrutiny of every thoughtful observer of our social system. I refer to the passing of the venerable tradition, cherished since the days of Andrew Jackson, that bad manners are the only manners consistent with the self-respect of patriotic citizens of a great democracy. I refer to the etiquette movement, which within the past four years has swept our country.

The hardy pioneer, chewing tobacco, holding up his pants by a single heroic gallus, despising the pomp and circumstance of the decadent civilizations across the Atlantic, is fading away, with a diminishing clatter of hobnailed boots, down the corridors of time. Even within this present lustrum he has ceased to captivate the popular imagination. America is learning what forks to use and how to address members of the diplomatic corps. A new day is dawning.

Books of etiquette are not new. The word itself has been derived from the signs—"etiquettes"—set up by a Scotch gardener at the court of Louis the Fourteenth to keep the courtiers from walking on the grass. But our own decade was the first to bring forth a national clamor for information as to how to behave.

In the spring of 1920 a certain publisher found himself with the plates of a book of etiquette on his hands. Such books had always had a slow, though steady sale. But this publisher reached the conclusion that the time had come when manners could be sold on a huge scale to the American public. He spent, within the next four years, nearly a million dollars in advertising this

one book. He made the slogan, "What Is Wrong in This Picture?" as famous, and perhaps as significant, as "Give Me Liberty or Give Me Death." He created a sense of inferiority, only to be relieved by buying his wares, in the breasts of hundreds of thousands of Americans. As a result, not only did Nelson Doubleday sell 850,000 sets of his "Book of Etiquette: A Social Secretary for Everyone," but he caused a furor comparable only with such noteworthy events as the advent of Mah Jong or the rise of the cross-word puzzle.

He was followed, two years later, by Funk and Wagnalls, who brought out Mrs. Emily Post's "Etiquette," and have now sold more than 110,000 copies at \$4 apiece. Other publishers—a dozen, at least—rushed into print with volumes which rode upon the wave of popular demand and sold prodigiously. It is a safe guess that within four years at least one out of every ten American homes has acquired, and been influenced by, a treatise on social conduct.

The interest in this subject is national, not sectional. One publishing house which sells books with magazine subscriptions found that nine out of ten of its customers were choosing from its extensive lists the one manual of etiquette it happened to be handling.

Booksellers say that the advertising created the demand. But even advertising cannot make people want something in which they can see no possible use, profit or enjoyment. I prefer to believe that the American public is taking to etiquette because it is, after all, still young, still hopeful, still yearning after the pot of gold at the rainbow's end.

The etiquette movement is part of a great popular hankering for self-improvement and advancement which has brought prosperity to the purveyors of Pelmanism, Listerine, Dr. Eliot's Five-Foot Shelf, Fleischmann's yeast, the International Correspondence Schools, the Alexander Hamilton Institute, Haldeman-Julius' five-cent classics, and a host of other patent prescriptions for body, mind and soul. This is no phenomenon to be passed over with a clever phrase, but something fundamental, democratic, buoyant, alive. What are a million sales of books of etiquette but a key to a million life stories, charged with pathos and heroism, full of poetry, or vibrating with that whole-souled vulgarity from which spring so many imposing achievements?

Consider the little stenographer with Ellis Island and the East Side behind her, and nothing but intelligence and good looks to help her along in the world. Her heart, throbbing like a canary's, aflame with youth, seeks eagerly for life. If you had the ability to make yourself invisible and pass solid walls you'd see her studying fashion magazines and books of etiquette in her tiny room at night, trying, God knows how desperately, to pick up those crumbs of culture, that intimacy with the ways of affluence and leisure, which she thinks she'll need if the youngest partner, who sometimes stops to talk with her, ever asks her out to dinner.

She baits her hook with graces not to be found in the home in which she was brought up, studies her favorite heroines of the motion pictures, acts a little drama of her own. If she has good luck she'll catch a fellow who's on the make, or already made. In a few years you may be reading her name in the society column. That's what she dreams of.

Or consider the woman from the

small town whose husband has a knack for making money. They move from Main Street to Zenith. There she finds herself in competition with other women. To win she must learn the ways of Zenith.

The pathos of this struggle is that it is carried on in secret. You must not admit that you were not born with exquisite manners. The rich and well-born, to borrow a phrase from the late Alexander Hamilton, have no need of books of etiquette. They suck it in with their mother's milk, learn it from nurses and governesses, acquire it subconsciously during every waking hour of the day. For etiquette, technically considered, is merely the way in which the upper five per cent conducts its life, and to acquire etiquette is, for good or ill, to imitate and emulate the upper five per cent.

Now, a country in which even as few as two million people have this hope to rise above their present stations earnestly in mind is an interesting and glamorous country. We've some adventure left, something to make the pulses throb.

Susie's in her hall bedroom, Mrs. Jas. B. Hawkins in her parlor, the Hon. Mrs. D. Hollenstein, wife of the new Senator, in her drawing room, boning up on maids and butlers, luncheons, dinners and afternoon teas, theaters, restaurants and calls of ceremony. George, the young plumber is taking Listerine for his breath and learning to dance by mail. Henry, the earnest young haberdasher's clerk, is having his personality strengthened. What if their dreams don't come true? What if this is, as the psychologists say, merely a compensation mechanism, a species of day dream? Even then it's a brave show, a courageous gesture in the face of destiny, comedy, vaudeville, tragedy—what you like.

It's funny—oh yes. But it's magnificent, too.

Americans Who Make Me Mad

Condensed from Good Housekeeping (Dec. '24)

Kathleen Norris

EXACTLY how much, or how little, does the average American care about his country? . . . After almost a year in Europe, I ask it with fear and sadness. To meet Americans in Europe is to meet persons who absolutely bubble disloyalties. They can't talk fast enough, eagerly enough, contemptuously enough, about the country that gave them birth.

To be mistaken for a European is the highest delight of an American woman's heart. She tells you about it thirty times: "He said he knew I was English—imagine!"

We admire the loyalty of other nations, we praise France to the Frenchman, England to the Briton—love them for their pride of birth. And then, when they ask us if we are Americans, we say hastily, "Well, yes, but I've lived abroad a great deal!"

Why? Why are we inheritors of glorious Washington and Lincoln, we children of Winthrop and Franklin, we heirs to the noblest constitution and the richest land in the world, ashamed to say: "We are Americans. Of course, we love you others, but we are Americans."

Just a few traveling Americans do. And what happens? The Europeans immediately praise America, admit to a wistful longing to see America, acknowledge a great admiration for America. But when the American belittles his own country, small blame to the European if he follows suit.

Two American boys, when the echoes of "Lucia" had died away over the dark waters of Venice, last year, suddenly started the strains of their own national hymn. It sound-

ed strangely sweet. But one wonders if "The Star-spangled Banner" was ever before sung on the Grand Canal. Patriotism isn't the American attitude, in Europe.

There are thousands of American women who go to Europe and say the same things, and make the same comments. They sit at French, British, Italian, German dinner tables, filled with all the pathetic eagerness of the outsider to prove herself worthy of notice—and they talk about America. They scorn America, laugh at her, criticize her, condemn her. It makes one heartsick, the universal chorus of it. They don't—as we say to quarreling children—"think how terrible it sounds to the neighbors."

The woman who visits Europe goes in high spirits. Behind her is a typical American small city. Before her is Venice, with the sun setting over the Grand Canal, mellowed old palaces melting into church spires, bells ringing, water lapping the gondola sides, Giuseppe singing. The count—he is 22, unathletic, his income exactly \$85 a year, his weight 100 pounds, but he is a real count!—smiles an interrogation, and the American woman begins:

"Oh, you don't know what this means to us money-grabbing Americans, Count! Life over here is so ideal; everything is so different!"

"You have the leisure classes, and you can't imagine how crude society is without the leisure-classes! Our men are so hopelessly mercenary! And, of course, you have the nobility, and that makes such a difference! And you have servants—if you only knew what we American

women suffer because there are no American servants! We do seem so noisy, and so raw, and so undeveloped and common, beside you Europeans!"

The Count listens respectfully, impressed. He naturally believes this charming, rich American. If she doesn't know about her own country, who should? He has no money to travel and investigate for himself, so he goes by report. For every thousand American women who go to Europe perhaps two French women, two Italian women, two German women come to America, purely as tourists. One week at one of our best hotels would put the average noble French family into debt for three years. What do these pleasant foreigners who listen so interestedly to our abuse of our own country know about us? Nothing.

I asked a titled old French lady some leading questions about America. She said in amusement that she knew that "we had no shops." When I remarked that Bond Street, the Lung' Arno, and the Rue de la Paix could all be laid together side by side several times in our own Fifth Avenue, she looked politely bored. I was the boastful, money-mad American again.

As a matter of fact—and I make the statement deliberately—America is the least mercenary nation in the world. Our men work steadily and make money, but they spend it like chaff blown to the four winds. It is the Europeans who are really mercenary, who are really thinking of money all the time.

Not only in the hotels, where they multiply the prices by five or ten, just as they like; not only in the shops, where they instantly increase their prices when they hear one's careful French; not only in the fact that almost any man, driver, conductor, peddler, house-servant, clerk, will begin to beg in a low undertone the instant he gets a chance; but in the "made" marriages, the careful consideration of a

girl's financial position before the love-making can begin. This is the rule, not the exception, all over Europe.

We could learn thrift from Europe. We could learn simplicity and content from Europe. And oh, how much we could learn from them in the preparation of simple foods! We could copy tremendous economic and civic improvements from some of the little northern countries, and from some of the southern we could imbibe all the inner peace of true faith in God. But these aren't the things we imitate. We talk about titles, servants, caste, leisure classes.

You thousands of American women who will go abroad this year, be loyal to your country. Be loyal if only because loyalty is so beautiful; because one loves to see it in the glint of an Englishman's eye, as the Dover shores rise to view; or to hear it in a Frenchman's voice when he says only the words "*la belle France*."

We must have loyalty in America; the coming generation must be trained to loyalty. If we have sometimes the bad manners, the innocent exaltation, and the childish ostentation that comes of suddenly-made fortunes, these are not serious. We belong to the greatest nation in the world, and we draw our people from all the countries under the sun, and so are kin to all the world.

We can make praise of America just as popular as criticism. The impression that strangers get of our mother is what we choose to give. We can make the world love her, if we love her.

And, after all, that is the important thing. That England and Europe shall understand America, her surface faults, her great heart, her newness, eagerness, rashness, her failures and her great successes, means more to your children and mine than that they shall intermarry with the bearers of titles.

Love them all. But love America first.

The Romance of Rings

Excerpts from *The Mentor* (Jan. '25)

George F. Kunz, Author of "Rings," "The Magic of Jewels and Charms," "The Book of the Pearl," etc.

FROM the earliest times to our own practical age, the ring is linked with history's page.

In the mythology of the ancients the ring played a conspicuous part. Prometheus dared to steal fire from heaven for the use of mortal man. For this act, which angered the gods who were supposed to dwell upon Mount Olympus, he was doomed by Jupiter to be chained for 30,000 years to a rock in the Caucasus, while a vulture fed upon his vitals. In time, however, Jupiter relented and liberated Prometheus; nevertheless, in order to avoid a violation of the original sentence, it was ordained that Prometheus should wear a link of his chain on one of his fingers as a ring, and in this ring was set a fragment of the rock to which he had been chained, so that he might still be regarded as bound to the Caucasian rock. So here, in this old Greek legend, we first find the ring with a stone set in it.

One of the earliest uses of the ring was as a stamp indicating conveyance of power. A king entrusted his ring to a subordinate as a proof that the person carrying the ring was authorized to execute a certain order. Or the engraved design or device of the ring was impressed upon letters as the sign manual of the writer. That use of the ring dated from the ancient Egyptians and prevailed in many parts of the world.

Then there were the rings worn as charms. In the fourth century after Christ many Romans were wearing rings made from the bone of an ostrich, believing that a ring of this

composition possessed magic powers. Rings of healing were valued for their special power to 'cure disease. Once a ring made out of the hoof of a rhinoceros was supposed to have efficacy against poisons and spasms. Then there were the famous "cramp rings," which dated from the time of Edward II of England (1307-1327) and were long regarded as specifics for the cure of cramps and convulsions. They were believed to owe their supposed virtue merely to the royal blessing they had received.

Since the use of the ring goes back to the mists of history its origin is naturally somewhat obscure. We read in the Book of Genesis, "And Pharaoh took off his ring from his hand, and put it upon Joseph's hand, and arrayed him in vestures of fine linen, and put a gold chain about his neck."

In August, 216 B. C., the great Carthaginian commander Hannibal crushingly defeated the Romans at the Battle of Cannae. After the battle Hannibal ordered that the gold rings be taken from the hands of the dead Romans. The rings thus collected were sent to Carthage, not as valuable spoils of war, but as proof of the great slaughter among the Roman patricians and knights, for at that time none beneath the rank of knights, and only those of highest standing among them, those provided with steeds by the state, had the right to wear gold rings.

Rome, shocked by the news of the disaster, proclaimed it a day of national mourning, on which all gold rings were laid aside as a mark of sorrow, and iron rings were substi-

tuted. That was a custom on all days of national mourning. To discard the gold ring was also a gesture of humility. A man in danger of punishment for some offense against the state often won pardon by the simple expedient of taking off his gold ring. That was interpreted to mean that he was sincerely sorry for what he had done.

Ostentation has in all ages been a target for ridicule. Of the affectations practiced in ring-wearing by some of the newly rich foreigners in Rome the great satirist Juvenal wrote: "When one sees an Egyptian plebian, not long before a slave in Canopus, carelessly throwing over his shoulder a mantle of Tyrian purple, and seeking to cool his perspiring fingers by wearing summer rings of open-work gold, as he cannot bear the weight of gemmed rings, how can one fail to write it down in satire?"

Two origins are ascribed for the selection of the third finger of the left hand as the one on which to wear the wedding ring. The Romans had the idea that a special nerve or vein ran directly from that finger to the heart. Macrobius, governor of Spain from 399 to 400 A. D., wrote in the "Saturnalia": "Because of this nerve, the newly betrothed places a ring on this finger of his spouse, as though it were a representation of his heart." Of a religious nature was the other ascribed origin of the practice. In the church service it was usual for the Christian priest to touch successively three fingers with the ring while saying "In the name of the Father, of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost," and then to place the ring on the last finger touched.

Advocates of "woman's rights" in this country have urged the interchange of rings both at engagements and marriages as an acknowledg-

ment of the perfect equality of the relation. A few years ago a proposition was agitated in London that men should be forced to wear wedding rings. Public attention was called to this question by newspaper reports to the effect that a young woman testified that she had innocently encouraged the attentions of a married man, because she had no means of knowing that he was married. The custom of the husband wearing a wedding ring as well as the wife has long been the rule in Germany, as well as in many other European countries.

Throughout history the "ring of death" has played its dramatic or evil part. At first it was designed as a means of quick and easy escape from a terrible fate, the horrors of the torture chamber, or the disgrace of humiliating and painful slavery to a hated foe. The Carthaginian, Hannibal, turned to the poison contained in his ring when he was on the point of being given up to his enemies the Romans.

The poison rings of the Borgias, that notorious Italian family of the Middle Ages, are famous in history. Some of them still exist. Beneath the bezel there is a sliding panel, and when this is displaced there appears a small space where the poison was kept. Such rings simply afforded a ready supply of poison at need, but another type constituted a death-dealing blow. The bezel was wrought into the shape of a lion, and the hollow claws of the animal admitted the passage of a subtle poison which was pressed out of the cavity through the lion's claws, and it is conjectured that the death wound could have been inflicted by turning the bezel of the ring inward, so that a hearty grasp would produce a slight puncture in the enemy's hand.

The Effect of Alcohol on Man

Condensed from The Nation (Jan. 14, '25)

Eugene Lyman Fisk, Director Life Extension Institute

CAN it be said that civilized man is a good animal? Does the physical state of civilized man inspire us with confidence in the sanity and wisdom of time-honored customs?

Long before the war the Life Extension Institute, in its examination of people in all walks of life, made clear the serious deficiencies of the adult population. In an original analysis of 10,000 industrial and commercial workers actively engaged at their tasks, and supposedly in good physical condition, 83 per cent showed evidences of nose and throat defects (17 per cent marked or serious); 53 per cent showed defective vision uncorrected; 56 per cent, defective teeth; 12 per cent of those examined showed well-marked changes in the heart, blood vessels and kidneys; 9 per cent showed marked lung signs requiring observation for possible tuberculosis. Since then the examination of 350,000 people by the Institute has confirmed the earlier testimony as to man's needlessly shortened health span and work span.

During the war the veil was lifted, and man stood forth in his nakedness to be measured for his fitness to fight. In the British population only 36 per cent (ages 18 to 42) qualified for active service. The British worker of 45 was described as an old man.

Accepting, then, the overwhelming evidence as to man's gross physical deficiencies, as measured by a reasonable standard of animal excellence, we may proceed to consider alcohol.

At this point I want to emphasize the importance of taking into con-

sideration one of the most serious effects of alcohol, which is never measured in the laboratory and never could be so measured, namely, habit formation and increasing indulgence. That is what is most feared in life-insurance practice. Alcohol, through its effects on the nervous and mental mechanism, lowers the guard of the individual physically, mentally, and morally, and thereby impairs his life adjustments.

The effect of alcohol on large masses of lives has been cold-bloodedly investigated by life insurance experts. The first in this field were certain British companies which separated their policy-holders into two distinct classes, abstainers and non-abstainers, the latter including only temperate users acceptable for life insurance. The difference in favor of the abstainers was so marked—38 per cent—over a long period of years that this excited a great deal of discussion.

In 1912, 41 American life-insurance companies investigated their mortality experience, covering two million lives. They were not able to give any experience on total abstainers, but they classified their policyholders with regard to the degree of indulgence and found the following increase in death-rate over that shown by policyholders generally:

	Per cent
Steady, moderate drinkers, but accepted as standard risks	86
Giving history of past excesses, now moderate	50
Very moderate drinkers	15

Following this study the life insurance experts, both medical and actuarial, generally acknowledged the life-shortening effect of even

moderate drinking. The groups studied were for all practical purposes homogeneous, except for their varying use of alcohol, and proper groups for comparison.

On the basis of this study the New York Life Insurance Co., the Mutual Life Insurance Co., and the Northwestern Mutual Life Insurance Co. checked up the findings among their policyholding bodies and added a greater weight of testimony as to the life-shortening effect of alcohol. The experience of the Northwestern is particularly valuable, in that they were able to produce a study of total abstainers as compared with drinkers classified as to their varying degrees of indulgence. The study covers 286,000 lives over a period of 30 years (1885-1915), and shows the following results:

	Per cent
Increased death-rate among moderate, occasional users of alcohol	19
Increased mortality among daily users of beer	33
Increased mortality among daily users of spirits	66
(These percentages represent the excess mortality as compared to that among total abstainers.)	

It is well for the public to keep in mind that these figures were compiled and interpreted by medical men, actuaries, and statisticians having a heavy business responsibility, and that there was no propagandist motive behind their study.

On the basis of life insurance experience it may be said that while we cannot predict exactly what alcohol will do, even in great excess, to a particular individual, we may confidently say what it will do, used even in moderation, to any large group of individuals.

Everything that has here been said with regard to the effect of alcoholic beverages made and marketed under normal conditions must be multiplied with regard to bootleg or moonshine whiskey. Bootleg whis-

key is, as a rule, badly made and contains certain types of poisonous substances termed "aldehydes." The effect of these moonshine liquors is to bring on more quickly the state of intoxication, to cause greater mental disturbance, and proportionately at least to produce a high alcoholic death-rate.

It is interesting, with this in mind, to trace the course of the death-rate in the registration area:

DEATHS FROM ALCOHOLISM							
Per 100,000 of Population							
1916	'17	'18	'19	'20	'21	'22	
5.8	5.2	2.7	1.6	1	1.8	2.6	

It will be observed that the first reaction to prohibition was to reduce the death-rate from alcoholism to about one-fifth that of pre-prohibition days. As various ways were found to market substitutes for conventional alcoholic beverages, the death-rate began to rise slightly; but it is now about one-half of what it was before prohibition, and in the first quarter of 1924, according to life insurance reports, it is again going down.

Keeping in mind the high toxicity of the liquor now in circulation, we must assume that the actual consumption of intoxicating beverages for the country at large is small compared to what it was under prohibition. Is it necessary for human happiness or desirable for human advancement that a powerful drug like alcohol should be used as a means of life easement? The human race is in its infancy with probably several million years ahead in which to work out its destiny on this planet. The constructive optimist will face human frailties and insufficiencies with high hope that the spirit and intelligence of man will find a more dependable and rational means of attaining happiness than that of simply buying a drink.

Progressive Parents—Their Tragedy

Condensed from The New Republic

Margery Swett

I WISH to deal with that portion of parents' tragedy which is concerned not with the cost of children—often a narrowed and cautious existence—but the fact that, whatever the cost, parents very frequently rear to maturity individuals who can bring them neither spiritual comfort nor the companionship on which they had counted.

What is not commonly realized is that this is especially the doom of progressive parents, for though they are learning to lessen the cost of children, especially to the mother, they cheerfully accelerate the widening of the gulf between the two generations.

To illustrate, B— was a progressive mother a generation ago, and is now the middle-aged mother of a grown-up family. B—, typical of progressive parents of her time, believed in the Froebel kindergarten system with its emphasis on play, freedom, and its minimization of corporal punishment. She believed in higher education for women, and their financial independence in vocations of their own choosing. She believed daughters should think for themselves, develop their individual talents and follow their own intellectual impulses, that they should, in short, be given opportunities and freedom. She believed these things and believed them hard, for had she not herself suffered because her parents had not these convictions?

She reasoned with her children instead of ordering them about, let them run where they liked and play with whom they liked; she filled them with her own ambitions which

had been so thwarted. And the plan seemed to be working well.

Then came the children's adolescence and the set in of her own conservatism, and the plan was not working quite so well. Frequently she could be heard telling a child that she had never thought of addressing her parents in such a way, nor of contradicting, and in the child grew contempt for a pretense which exalted reason but would not argue.

Then came the young maturity of the children and a further settling back of the parents. The plan had obviously worked badly judging by B—'s complaints and even more eloquent silence. The situation is summed up in her protest, "Yes, I want you to be free, but *why* do you want to do *that*?"

We have here the phenomenon of a parent protesting at an alienation for which she is responsible since she provided her children with an environment which produced tastes different from her own. Freedom, to the average optimistic mother, means freedom to have the things she herself desired. But in reality it means no such thing. What the parent desired and was denied, what she thought ends of laudable ambition, the child is given without question, and consequently takes for granted as the accepted customs of his class. He feels that real living begins only where all this leaves off.

For instance if B— has given her children the means of choosing their vocation, she may feel curiously baffled and shut out by the ones they choose, which seem so dull, intricate, unimportant, and which absorb her children to the exclusion of herself. She may be, say, a Christian Sci-

entist, and her son may decide to be a bacteriologist, her daughter a writer of lurid sex-scandal for the newspapers. Or religious bias may be lacking and yet she may feel strongly that certain vocations are subtly unrefined and beneath her, yet her children choose them! She is, after all, the product of the mid-Victorianism she despised—and they are not.

This freedom works out in innumerable irritating ways. A parent nowadays needs to be as thick-skinned as a dinosaur! The companions whom sons and daughters prefer to their own family! The frank criticism they make of their parents' ideas, religion, even of their own training as children! B— had not wished artificial respect, but she had somehow banked on her children having similar points of view. What seemed good and beautiful to her was so obvious—could her children fail to see as she did?

Pass to F—, a widow who had expected to spend her declining days in companionship with her daughters or close sympathy with their married lives. Neither married, but the elder preferred to live in a primitive way on a ranch with a woman friend, and the younger chose solitude and poverty for the better pursuit of a poorly paid art for which she knew she had no special talent.

If these little matters cause sorrow what can be said of those which affect the parent's ingrained sex-conventions! L— taught her daughter to be fearless and all that, but why does she want to go around unescorted at night?

In simple, backward communities may be found generations of parents and children growing up in the same beliefs and customs. There may be, in such cases, long and satisfying companionship between the generations. But it is not to be hoped for elsewhere, except in the rare cases when child and parent have almost identical temperaments. And it is not, I believe, to be desired. With its com-

ing we would lose too much of the adventure, the creative, dynamic element in parenthood which gives it its modern appeal and glory, the challenge to create the unknown.

So we must continue progressive parents, though knowing we shall lose our children—lose them to something which may be bigger and better than the things we like and understand, but to something that is still foreign. One by one they look at us curiously, with eyes in which tenderness is not unmixed with pity or contempt; pass by the occupations, customs, and religions we have put in a shining row for them, and set sail for the new country. And whether it is a good or a bad one, we cannot judge, we only know we cannot go there. Lucky are we, if we attain the perspective of one grandmother who said to her daughter:

"Always remember that mothers aren't important. They don't amount to much. They give their children life, keep them clothed and nourished, teach them manners and the fundamental moral things we have to have to get along at all. But the big things that count we do not give. What we give they keep forever, but they are unconscious of it, it is not a live force. The inspirations that will grip and shake them must come new and fresh. The ideas for which they will give their lives will not be ours. They will get them from teachers, books, friends, from those they fall in love with, not from us. Take motherhood easily, casually, as the animals do. Don't expect too much of it, and don't be easily hurt. It doesn't amount to much."

With such counsel in our still unbelieving ears, we progressive parents return to what occupations are left us when our children sail for the new country. At any rate their going was inevitable, even as was ours before them, and in the sense of having seen and accepted the way of life comes our consolation.

A Vanished American Civilization

Condensed from The Independent (Jan. 10, '25)

Samuel K. Lothrop, Ph.D.

MORE than 13 centuries ago the Maya Indians dwelling in northern Guatemala and the neighboring parts of Honduras and Mexico were among the most civilized and cultured races in the world. For this people existence was secured by great cities of stone and concrete, and by the prowess of their victorious war captains; life was polished by elaborate social and religious usages, by study of the stars and mathematics and history and literature; life was beautified by gorgeously wrought garments and by the skilled mastery of the arts; painting and sculpture, pottery and bookmaking, the carving of jade and the working of precious metals.

Then the people migrated to nearby Yucatan; and, in a generation or two, their civilization perished. Why the entire race departed from the site of their ancient glories in this brief space of time is an unsolved problem, yet they passed not into oblivion, but centuries later rose once more to greatness, fell again, and succumbed in time to the all-conquering white man.

Our earliest knowledge of the Mayas is derived from a jade image known as the Tuxtla statuette, now in the National Museum at Washington. This statuette tells quite a story. In the first place, the carving of jade is none too easy, and this finished sculpture is by no means primitive—indeed, it is rather sophisticated. The inscription shows that 100 years before Christ the Mayas had developed both a system of writing and their extraordinary methods of counting and recording time. The very fact that they wrote

numbers up in the millions is no mean achievement. Their contemporaries in Europe could not do as much. Finally, the Mayas, 2000 years ago, employed a calendar, very similar to that now in use among our astronomers, based upon a count of days running in continuous series in correlation with the apparent course of the sun. And from the Tuxtla statuette we learn that the Maya Indians had developed the bases of their civilization in Central America before the birth of Julius Caesar.

The Mayas built great cities of concrete and stone—Tikal, Copan, Palenque, Nakum, and scores of others too numerous to mention. Today their very names are forgotten; the very titles they bear are purely fanciful or are the local geographical designations used by the *chicleros* who derive the world's supply of chewing gum from this jungle-buried land.

The visitor approaching the center of one of the Mayan cities of the old empire must thread his way between numberless mounds of earth and stone. These were the dwellings of the common people and, like the houses in Yucatan today, were doubtless made of stone and adobe with thatched roofs. Each house was surrounded by an open space as in our own suburbs. The Spanish historians tell us that the land was thickly planted with shade trees. Foresters say there is no primeval jungle in this region and that the whole land was once cultivated.

After traveling an hour or two among these grounds, the center of the city is reached. Here stood the temples, the government offices, the

law courts, the markets, and the palaces of the nobles. The construction is of cement obtained from native limestone, faced with a veneer of dressed blocks of the same material. The chief buildings are ranged around a series of courts, and the civic center is a huge artificial acropolis on which stand the most important temples.

Height was the chief effect sought by the Maya architects. To attain it they covered the roofs of their buildings with a steeplelike structure known as a roof comb, thus adding a third or more to the height. In addition, they raised the whole building on a platform, often a terraced, flat-topped pyramid. A temple might tower well over 200 feet in the air. Stairways, steep and wide, and flanked by massive balustrades, led to the top of the pyramids. Picture a festival on such a shrine; the lines of priests and nobles, brilliant in jade and gold and feathers, ascending the wide stair and rising clouds of incense; the temple drum above booming its call to worship; on the ground as far as the eye can reach uncounted thousands devoutly awaiting the sacrifice.

On exterior walls extensive decorative friezes reveal the intricacies of their religious symbolism. Interior walls, door jambs, sometimes door lintels are carved in low relief with portraits of kings, of priests, penitents offering the blood-sacrifice, of captains triumphant amid their plumed prisoners. In front of the temples rise huge carved altars.

All this rich inheritance of splendid buildings which had been centuries in the rearing, the Mayas completely abandoned toward the end of the Sixth Century, A.D. Palaces and hovels alike were deserted to be engulfed by the jungle silence. Pestilence, famine, civil war, failure of agriculture, change of climate, and other misfortunes may have overtaken the Mayas. Any or all of these causes might decimate a race, but cities are not abandoned overnight

like a Tartar tent, and the migration of the Mayas is an unsolved mystery.

This gifted race, its ancient sites abandoned, still retained stamina to rise again and to repeat in full measure the triumphs of its former glory in a new environment. Yet first it endured four centuries of turmoil constituting the Dark Age. Little we know of this period, but may surmise much fighting, temporary settlements, and unrecorded misery. By the year 1000 A.D., however, the race became stabilized in two places, the highlands of southwestern Guatemala and the great peninsula of Yucatan. Chaos had yielded to order, and new cities had arisen, which rivaled those of the old empire in size and brilliance as scores of huge ruins bear silent witness.

About the year 1000 A.D., three cities—Mayapan, Uxmal, and Chichen-Itza—had formed a league by which they jointly undertook to rule the peninsula of Yucatan. Under its influence nearly 200 years of peace ensued. But in the year 1190, Mayapan and Chichen-Itza went to war; the conflict fired the whole land, and only burned out after the Spanish conquest three and a half centuries later, when the fabric of Mayan civilization finally was submerged.

It is generally agreed that the Mayas were the culture bearers of middle America. They invented a system of writing, a calendar, a knowledge of perspective in drawing, a satisfactory social system, a method of house construction stable for centuries in the wet tropics, and other lesser things. All these accomplishments were acquired at the very dawn of their history and none of their fundamentals came at a later time. For 1500 years we can trace their story. Twice they passed through periods of great brilliance when the arts flourished in extraordinary magnificence. Twice they fell upon evil days, and, thus fallen, passed under the domination of an alien race.

The New Wonder of the Seas

Condensed from Popular Science Monthly (Feb. '25)

G. B. Seybold

FROM the wharves at Kiel, Germany, the schooner "Buckau" recently put out to sea, a ship without sails or steam. The astounded spectators on shore knew that the boat was an old 2,000-ton steel vessel and that previously 500 square yards of canvas had been needed to propel her. But now she was denuded of all sails, masts, and rigging. Instead, two strange cylinders, resembling giant smoke-stacks, rose from her deck. But no smoke was pouring from them and no engine noise was heard. There was no churning of screws. Yet the ship plowed its way through the rough waters of the Baltic, and at nearly twice its former speed.

The craft was equipped with a Flettner rotor, a new invention, the work of Anton Flettner, director of the Institute of Aerodynamics at Amsterdam, Holland. Supporting Flettner's claim to practicability is his own reputation. He is recognized by scientists as an experimenter along original lines. An automatic rudder that he invented a few years ago is widely known and used.

Professor Albert Einstein, originator of the theory of relativity, has pronounced the rotor principle of great practical importance. The Hamburg American Steamship Company, for example, became so convinced of its economic value that it has decided to use the rotors in 10 new freighters of 10,000 tons each to be employed on its East Asia route.

On the East Asia route, wind conditions are so favorable to the operation of the rotor ships that the company hopes to save fuel amounting to 60 per cent of that consumed

now. Ships equipped with the device sailing from Germany to Rio de Janeiro will make a saving of 50 per cent, it is estimated, while those to New York will save from 35 to 40 per cent.

One of the largest shipping companies in the world is reported to be contemplating using rotor ships as oil-tankers, and steamship lines even are considering them as possibilities for passenger-carrying vessels.

The inventor himself does not assert that his device will be a substitute for steam or electric power on the high seas. But he declares that while the speed of an ocean liner equipped with revolving towers would not be increased, the invention would save a large percentage of its coal and oil, resulting in a great saving in storage space, as well as in the cost of the fuel.

An extremely important line of inquiry developing in the consideration of this device, is whether it will be possible to store electrical energy, created by the rapidly revolving cylinders, in batteries for future use. If this is possible, the world will have a remarkable new means for producing electrical current. Wind, the vast, unknown, unmeasured element, could be harnessed in this easy way to propel anything from farm machinery to an electric power plant.

Flettner has hinted of this. Wind power, he says, eventually may supersede both coal and water power on account of its cheapness.

Tests are said to have demonstrated that nearly double the speed made by a sailing vessel equipped with sails can be made by one with the rotor equipment. On its trial

voyage the "Buckau" developed an average speed of 4.5 knots (5.2 land miles an hour) in unfavorable weather and in later tests the ship was able to make eight knots (9.2 land miles).

The inventor estimates that with a vessel somewhat larger than the "Buckau," it would take only 18 days to sail across the Atlantic to the United States. He is planning to make the trip late this year after further experiments.

The scientific principle upon which Doctor Flettner based his invention has been known for nearly three-quarters of a century. Briefly, this is that a cylinder revolving in a current of wind will exert pressure at right angles to the current. This principle, known as the Magnus law, can be understood readily by any one familiar with baseball. The giant cylinders, or rotors, spinning in the wind, increase air pressure on one side and suction on the other, just as the surface of a rapidly spinning baseball from the hand of a pitcher piles up a difference of pressure on its two sides that deflects the ball into a "curve." In the case of the baseball, of course, the equivalent of wind is produced by the swift passage of the ball from pitcher to catcher.

Each of the two spinning towers on the "Buckau" rests on a fixed pivot and moves on ball bearings. The towers are built of sheet iron about one-half an inch thick, are 60 feet high and nine feet in diameter. Two electric motors of 10 horsepower each, placed inside the pivots, drive the towers. Current for the motors is generated by a Diesel engine. The total weight of the complete mechanism—towers, engine, and motors—is about 15,000 pounds, just one fifth the weight of the discarded sails and rigging on the same ship.

Furthermore, the sailing manoeuvres can be performed by one man, standing upon the ship's

bridge and moving two electric levers, which control the motors that rotate the cylinders. In other words, one man can do in a moment what it takes a whole crew several minutes to accomplish on the best-managed sailing vessel.

In propelling a boat, suction, rather than pressure, Flettner explains, is the important factor in producing motive power. When the wind strikes a sail, it divides equally, and in this division there results what is called a circular current. This works with the original current of wind on one side of the sail and against it on the other side. On the side where the current whirling around the sail is added to the original current, suction or pulling force is created, while on the other side the clashing of the two currents results in a pressure or pushing force. Of the two forces, suction is the greatest factor in making the boat move forward.

The revolving cylinders on the sailless boat impel it on exactly the same principle as sails do, but more effectively it is claimed, because a greater suction power is produced. Because the moving cylinder offers less resistance than a rigid sail, the wind, whirling around the cylinder, produces a much greater circular current than is created around a sail. Thus the suction is greatly increased, and the boat moves more swiftly than one with sails.

The only thing that Flettner's boat cannot do that a sailing vessel can do is to run directly before the wind. The rotor-ship can only approximate such a course.

A number of authorities, including officials of a great steamship line, pronounce the invention the most startling maritime development since Fulton's steamboat. Others are more skeptical. In the United States most experts have adopted an attitude of "watchful waiting" with regard to the invention.

Coast Guard to the Rescue

Condensed from The Forum (Jan. '25)

Wayne B. Wheeler

RUM ROW IS DOOMED! Its days are numbered. The Coast Guard's new fleet is rapidly assembling, and the Coast Guard has been told not to let smuggled liquor touch American soil. The Coast Guard, as America knows, has the habit of success. It is only 134 years old and hasn't learned how to apologize for failure. Since April, 1924, the Guard has successfully carried out over 200 operations against smugglers, capturing or sinking vessels or forcing them to jettison their cargo of liquor.

The whole record of the Coast Guard is a death-knell to the rum-pirates. Armed and placed under strict military discipline from its organization, this incorruptible, indefatigable sea force has "cleaned up" every job ever committed to it. It had only eight cutters available when we had trouble with France in 1798 and 1799, but they captured 22 enemy ships. When Britannia claimed to rule the waves in 1812, a Revenue Cutter made the first capture in the war, while the nine Coast Guard ships brought into port 14 prizes. All manner of valiant service in the Civil War was performed by the Coast Guard. In the World War it covered itself with new glory. One vessel, the Tampa, escorted 350 ships through the war zone, losing only two, until it was sunk by a German submarine. Such work was simply in accord with the regular traditions of the Guard, to do the work committed to it, regardless of difficulty and danger. The Guard lost more men, proportionately, in the war than either army or navy.

The Coast Guard has been working miracles with antiquated equip-

ment. The new appropriation made by Congress gives the Guard \$13,550,000. This will add 20 destroyers, two mine sweepers, and 323 motor boats to the sea force. The personnel will be increased by over 4,000 men. The speed of the new government boats will be about three miles per hour to each two miles made by the rum smugglers. This will practically insure the capture of each outlaw boat espied.

The right to search within an hour's travel from the coast will make enforcement of the law far easier than when the three-mile limit prevailed. Sheer luck alone will enable motor boats to ply between the floating bar and the shore without capture.

The Coast Guard has just pride in the character of its personnel. It has been incorruptible. Politics will not secure appointments. No doubtful candidates will be accepted. Each man will be 100 per cent loyal to the Constitution.

In his orders to all commissioned officers of the Coast Guard, March 29, 1924, the Commandant, Rear Admiral F. C. Billiard, said: "We have been given this job to do, and the way in which we do it is going to have a tremendous influence on the future welfare and prestige of the Coast Guard. I have taken the position that the Coast Guard has never fallen down in any task assigned to it, and that we will stop rum-running on our coasts if given the funds for which we asked. For the honor and prestige of the Service, we must not fail and we will not fail."

That means that Rum Row is doomed!

(Continued from inside front cover) the inhabitants of a large city. The very minimum requirement for safety is that every inhabitant be provided with an efficient gas mask with replacements from time to time, drilled until he is an expert in its use, and required to have it always available so that it could be adjusted on a few seconds notice. It is doubtful whether any existing government would be brave enough to advertise its expectation of attack by taking these steps in peacetime—and unless taken then, they would be useless. Even if it were willing, the task is probably humanly impossible. A percentage of the population would be too stupid, or too indifferent to its own welfare, to take the necessary precautions. How large this percentage would be, no one can say; but in a city like New York it would assuredly produce many thousands of casualties in every raid. Even if it did not, the business of life would be almost completely suspended. Transportation lines would be halted for days if not for weeks. Most effective of all would be the condition of absolute, hysterical terror—a terror which, experience shows, is shared by soldiers from the trenches, and is increased, not diminished, with successive experiences of the same sort. It should be remembered that the conditions herein described are not in the slightest degree the product of anybody's imagination. They are based on inventions already made, and well known. It is in fact likely that the various governments have among them new gases or explosives even more effective. No one knows, because surprise is half the value of any weapon, and the chemical services of the leading powers guard their secrets with the most desperate care.

A debate has been in progress for some time in military circles as to whether gas warfare is or is not more humane than the use of ordinary high explosive shells, shrapnel,

etc. So intelligent a man as J. B. S. Haldane has entered the lists to argue that the proportion of casualties is smaller from gas than shells, that effective gases are possible which leave no permanent ill effects, and that therefore gas warfare does not deserve the bad name which it has received partly from old-fashioned army officers who can't or won't adjust their minds to the new technique. Such discussion seems to us worse than useless, since it diverts attention from the real issue. For some 2100 years, in all wars fought by white men a distinction has been made between belligerents and non-combatants, and of the latter women and children in particular have been safeguarded so far as possible. As the war of 1914-18 grew in bitterness, this distinction was wiped out. In November, 1918, the Allies were preparing to bomb all of the inhabitants of the Chief German cities with poison gas. The next war between any two or more of the great powers will undoubtedly begin where the last one left off, or reach that point in a few days' time. Even if gas were only one-half as deadly as shrapnel, the fact that it will be applied to women, children, all stay-at-home civilians, completely alters the situation. It is all very well to say that such a prospect is so horrible that it will put an end to war, or that the new peril of non-combatants will be an inciting cause to the statesmen to insure peace. We know more today than we did ten years ago about the ability of humankind to endure the unendurable. And we are painfully aware that statesmen usually lack the brains and character to avert catastrophes even when they see them dead ahead. In the face of the facts, it seems the grimmest joke of the ages that "pacifism" is still a thoroughly unpopular doctrine and that any man who tries to warn the people of their danger is more than likely to be laughed out of court.

RICHARD J. WALSH (p. 583) has had ample opportunity to study the subject of his article. He himself has spent many years in business, his experience varying from that of secretary of the Boston Chamber of Commerce to manager of promotion for the Curtis Publishing Company and member of the staff of the United States Food Administration during the war. He was for several years editor of "Collier's Weekly," but he is now devoting his time to free-lance writing. His article and stories have appeared in many American periodicals, and he has written several books.

ROBERT GRANT (p. 585), as Judge of the Probate Court and the Court of Insolvency for Suffolk County, Mass., for many years has heard matrimonial disputes with power of decision. Judge Grant has written a number of novels and is a member of the American Academy of Arts and Sciences.

IMOGEN B. OAKLEY (p. 587) proves the ignominious and divided allegiance which foreign laws have imposed upon naturalized citizens. Mrs. Oakley is the author of an authoritative history of civil-service reform.

ROBERT L. DUFFUS (pp. 591, 623) was a member of the able group that wrote and edited the New York Globe.

ARCHIBALD HENDERSON (p. 593) has been a friend of Shaw's and a student of his work for many years. "George Bernard Shaw: His Life and Work," published in 1911, was the outgrowth of long study. Dr. Henderson is now preparing a new edition of Shaw's biography, to appear in two volumes, which will cover his life and career down to the date of its appearance (1926). . . . Dr. Henderson is a native of North Carolina and head of the department of mathematics in the university of that State. His scientific writings are well known to scientists, and in part to the general public through his books, "The Theory of Relativity," and "The Size of the Universe." As a historian, Dr. Henderson also holds first rank.

HARRY E. BARNES (p. 597) was chief investigator for the New Jersey Prison Inquiry Commission and the Pennsylvania Commission to Investigate Prison Systems. He is the author of "The History of New Jersey Penal Institutions and Criminal Law" and "The Evolution of the Penology and Criminal Code of Pennsylvania." He has occupied chairs at Clark, Amherst and Smith.

SENATOR BORAH'S (p. 603) new position as chairman of the Senate Committee on Foreign Relations, to which he succeeds by the death of Senator Lodge, gives him increased power and prestige.

GEORGE FREDERICK KUNZ (p. 627) is the most distinguished living authority on gems and precious stones.

EUGENE LYMAN FISK (p. 629) has been connected as physician with various life insurance companies and is now director of the Life Extension Institute. He is the author of "Alcohol—Its Relation to Human Efficiency and Longevity."

SAMUEL K. LOTHROP (p. 633) is a well-known American archaeologist, a Ph.D. of Harvard, who has conducted several expeditions in the Maya countries for the Peabody Museum of Harvard University and the Carnegie Institute of New York. The results of his researches at Talum have been published in a volume of great interest and distinction.

WAYNE B. WHEELER (p. 637) is in a very real sense the generalissimo of the Prohibition forces in America. As counsel for the Anti-Saloon League of America, this brilliant lawyer and organizer virtually directed the great fight which resulted in the enactment of the Eighteenth Amendment.

I do not know of any more acceptable gift I could send my closest and best friends than your publication.—H. R. Maxon, Maxon Furnace and Engineering Co., Muncie, Ind.

I find the Digest my most available and satisfactory source of information on the various subjects necessary to a conversational equipment. Though I have access to most of the periodicals from which the Digest selects its material, I am unable to read and digest the complete articles.—John M. Chase, The Olympic Club, San Francisco, Cal.

I take 20 journals of various kinds and I look on yours as the best. It fits my overcoat pocket; it has no frills, no advertisements, no pictures, no padding. I am indeed thankful for a magazine that leaves something for the mind.—The Ven. Archdeacon R. J. Renison, D.D., Church of the Ascension, Hamilton, Can.

I have been taking the Reader's Digest since the first copy was published. I can not tell you how much I enjoy it and appreciate the scholarly way in which it is edited. I have recommended it to a great many of my friends, of whom many have subscribed.—Prof. J. T. Marshman, Ohio Wesleyan University, Ohio.

. . . I dislike very much to miss any of these little storehouses of illumination.—Walter C. Plank, Chadron, Neb.

To a man as busy as I am, yet who must keep abreast in regard to the best things written, any single issue of the Digest is worth the year's subscription.—Dr. Thos. Gordon Watts, Milledgeville, Ga.

Your little magazine is the very finest I fancy on the market. It is small, and every inch is full of the finest stuff going. It is a welcome guest in our home.—W. E. MacNiven, 1921 10th St. West, Calgary, Alberta.

I wish to say that I have found this magazine to be the most delightful reading that I have ever been able to secure.—George Quam, 613 Hennepin Ave., Minneapolis, Minn.

Your magazine is the most serviceable one that is being printed today.—Edward F. Cody, 1014 Yale Ave., Walnut Hills, Cincinnati, O.

You are doing a wonderful work through this little giant.—G. Wilbur Shipley, Taneytown, Md.

Here is my check for \$3.00. It is a real pleasure to spend so little to get so much! Even a Yankee would do that!—Rev. Edgar C. Lucas, First Christian Church, Augusta, Georgia.

Yours is the only magazine that I have ever felt justified in reading from cover to cover.—W. B. Ayers, Wollaston Park, Mass.

I would rather go without my breakfast—regularly—than to miss getting the Digest. I regard it as the most valuable publication that comes to my desk.—Frank H. Thomas, Box 94, St. Anthony, Ida.
